THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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BIOGRAPHY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It has been observed that one of the greatest advantages in Biography is the display of the formation and progress of character. This exhibition is, perhaps, still more useful in professional, than in general subjects. The young divine, physician, counsellor, lawyer, merchant, and soldier, though he may receive entertainment, information and instruction from the history of men, in all conditions, yet will derive lessons more beneficial to him from viewing him in such a state and circumstances as he is himself likely to be.

OUTLINES OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF *WILLIAM PENN.*

IT is a singular fact, though not perhaps unaccountable, that the Founder of Pennsylvania is nowhere less known, at this day, than in the country which he founded; nowhere less celebrated than among the people who repose, in security, under the laws which he framed. The Revolution, by which the British Colonies burst from the leading-strings of the mother country, has obliterated the fainter traces of their discovery and settlement; and the well-earned fame of the sages who led our ancestors into the wilderness in pursuit of Religious liberty, is eclipsed by the more brilliant exploits of the heroes who achieved for us Political independence.

"A prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and among them of his own house": It was the Abbe Raynal and the French literati that taught Europeans to venerate the name of Penn; and it is only from the feeble and faultering voice of Tradition, that

the youth of Pennsylvania hear anything more of their Founder, than that, after the lapse of a century, the rest of the world have agreed to rank the American Lawgiver with the Solons and the Numas of Greece and Rome.

Be it our present task to remove the imputation of domestic neglect from that "fair and venerable name," which, more than any other peculiarity, distinguishes, in foreign countries, the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania from her sister States.

William Penn, only son of William Penn, of the Penns of Penn's Lodge, in the county of Wilts, Vice-Admiral of England in the time of Cromwell, and afterward knighted by King Charles II, for his successful services against the Dutch, was born at London, in the year 1644.

He appears to have been seriously inclined, from his youth, having imbibed religious impressions as early as the twelfth year of his age; which were soon afterward confirmed by the ministry of Thomas Loe, an eminent preacher among the people called Quakers, then newly associated in religious fellowship.

In his fifteenth year, he was notwithstanding, entered as a gentleman commoner of Christ-Church, Oxford, where, meeting with some other students who were devoutly inclined, they ventured to hold private meetings among themselves, wherein they both preached and prayed. This gave great offence to the heads of the College; by whom these zealous tyros were at first only fined for nonconformity: but, persisting in their religious exercises, they were finally expelled the University.

On his return home, his father endeavoured, in vain, to divert him from his religious pursuits, as being likely to stand in the way of his promotion in the world; and at length, finding him inflexible in what he now conceived to be his religious duty, beat him severely, and turned him out of doors. Relenting, however, at the intercession of his mother, and hoping to gain his point by other means, he sent his son to Paris, in company with some persons of quality; whence he returned, so well skilled in the French language, and other polite accomplishments, that he was again joyfully received at home.

After his return from France, he was admitted of Lincoln's Inn, with a view of studying the law, and continued there till his twenty-second year, when his father committed to him the management of a considerable estate in Ireland; a circumstance which unexpectedly proved the occasion of his finally adhering to the despised cause of the Quakers, and devoting himself to a religious life.

At Cork, he met again with Thomas Loe, the person whose preaching had affected him so early in life. At a meeting in that city Loe began his declaration with these penetrating words, "There is a faith that overcomes the world, and there is a faith that is overcome by the

world"; which so reached Penn, that from that time he constantly attended the meetings of the Quakers, though in a time of hot persecution. He was soon afterward, with many others, taken at a meeting in Cork, and carried before the mayor, by whom they were committed to prison; but young Penn was soon released, on application to the Earl of Orrery, then Lord President of Munster.

His father being informed of his conduct, remanded him home, and finding him unalterably determined to abide by his own convictions of duty, in respect to plainness of speech and deportment, he would have compounded with him if he would only consent to remain uncovered before the King, the Duke (afterward James II), and himself. Being disappointed in this, he could no longer endure the sight of his son, and a second time, drove him from his family. Yet after a while, becoming convinced of his integrity, he permitted him to return; and though he never openly countenanced him, he would use his interest to get him released, when imprisoned for his attendance at religious meetings.

It was in the year 1668, the twenty-fourth of his age, that he first appeared as a minister, and an author; and it was on account of his second essay, entitled, "The Sandy Foundation shaken," that he was imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained seven months; during which time he wrote his most celebrated work, "No Cross no Crown;" and finally obtained his release from confinement by an exculpatory vindication, under the title of "Innocency with her open face."

In 1670, the meetings of Dissenters were forbidden, under severe penalties. The Quakers, however, believing it their religious duty, continued to meet as usual; and when forcibly kept out of their meeting-houses, they assembled as near to them as they could in the street.

At one of these meetings, William Penn preached to the people, thus assembled for divine worship: for which pious action he was committed to Newgate, and at the next session, at the Old Bailey, was indicted for "being present at and preaching to an unlawful, seditious, and riotous assembly." He pleaded his own cause, though menaced by the Recorder, and was finally acquitted by the Jury: but he was nevertheless detained in Newgate, and the Jury fined. Such was English liberty in those days.

Sir William died this year, fully reconciled to his son, to whom he left a plentiful estate, taking leave of him in these memorable words: "Son William, let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. So will you keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in a day of trouble."

Shortly after this event, our author travelled, in the exercise of his ministry, into Holland and Germany.

In the year 1672, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, whose father (Sir William) having been killed, at the seige of Bamber, in the Civil Wars, her mother had married Isaac Penington, of Chalfont, in Bucks, an eminent minister and writer among the Quakers.* After his marriage, he resided some time at Rickmansworth, in Hertfordshire, whence he romoved to Worminghurst, in Sussex.

In 1677, in company with George Fox and Robert Barclay, (the celebrated Apologist) he again set sail on a religious visit to Holland and Germany, where they were received by many pious persons as the messengers of Christ, particularly at Herwerden, by the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, daughter of the King of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I, of England.

The persecution of Dissenters continuing to rage notwithstanding their repeated applications to Parliament for sufferance and protection, William Penn now turned his views toward a settlement in the New World, as a place where himself and his friends might enjoy their religious opinions without molestation; and where an example might be set to the nations of a just and righteous government: "There may be room there," said he, "though not here, for such a holy experiment."

He therefore, in 1681, solicited a patent from Charles II, for a Province in North America, which the King readily granted, in consideration of his father's services, and of a debt still due him from the crown. Penn soon after published a description of the Province, proposing easy terms of settlement to such as might be disposed to go thither. He also wrote to the Indian natives, informing them of his desire to hold his possession with their consent and good-will. He then drew up, "The Fundamental Constitution of Pennsylvania," and the following year he published "The Frame of Government," a law of which code held out a greater degree of religious liberty than had at that time been allowed in the world. The following provision may be considered as the foundation-stone upon which the sublime edifice of universal toleration has been since established in the United States: "All persons living in this Province who confess and acknowledge the One Almighty and Eternal God to be the Creator, Upholder, and Ruler of the World, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in civil society, shall in no wise be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion or practice, in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled at any time to frequent or maintain any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever."

* Ancestor of the Peningtons of Philadelphia.

Upon the publication of these proposals, many respectable families removed to the new Province; the city of Philadelphia was laid out, upon the banks of the Delaware; and in 1682, the Proprietor visited his newly-acquired territory, where he remained about two years, adjusting its concerns, and establishing a friendly intercourse with his colonial neighbours: during which period no less than fifty sail arrived with settlers from England, Ireland, Wales, Holland, and Germany. Envy however, followed him into the Wilderness; and he who had been traduced at home, as a concealed papist, was accused abroad of ambition, and the desire of wealth. His defence, to his friends, of his own political couduct, concludes with this remarkable prediction: "If friends here keep to God, and in the justice, mercy, equity, and fear of the Lord, their enemies will be their footstool; if not, their heirs and my heirs too, will lose all."

Soon after Penn returned to England, King Charles died, and the respect which James II bore to the late Admiral, who had recommended his son to his favour, procured for him free access at Court. He made use of this advantage to solicit the discharge of his persecuted brethren, fifteen hundred of whom remained in prison at the decease of the late King.

In 1686, having taken lodgings at Kensington, to be near the Court, he published "A Persuasive to Moderation toward Dissenting Christians, &c. humbly submitted to the King and his Great Council," which is thought to have hastened, if it did not occasion, the King's proclamation for a general pardon, which was followed the next year by his suspension of the penal laws.

At the Revolution in 1688, Penn's intimacy with the abdicated monarch created suspicions of which he repeatedly cleared himself before authority, until accused by a profligate wretch, whom the Parliament afterward declared to be a cheat and impostor, when not caring to expose himself to the oaths of such a man, he withdrew from public notice, till the year 1693, when, through the mediation of his friends at Court, he was once more admitted to plead his own cause before the King and Council, and was again acquitted of all suspicion of guilt.

The most generally known production of his temporary seclusion, bears the title of "Fruits of Solitude, in Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life."

Not long after his restoration to society, he lost his wife, Gulielma, to which he said all his other troubles were as nothing in comparison. He travelled, however, the same year, in the west of England, and in the next prosecuted an application to Parliament for the relief of his friends, the Quakers, in the case of oaths.

In the year 1696, he married a second wife, Hannah, the daughter of Thomas Callowhill, an eminent merchant of Bristol; and soon after

buried his eldest son, Springett, a remarkably pious and hopeful youth. In 1698 he travelled in Ireland, and resided the following year at Bristol.

In 1699, he again sailed for Pennsylvania, with his wife and family, intending to make his Province, the place of their future residence; but advantage was taken of his absence to undermine proprietary governments, under colour of advancing the King's prerogative, and he thought it necessary to return to England again in 1701. After his arrival the measure was laid aside, and Penn became once more welcome at Court, on the accession of Queen Anne. On this occasion, he resided again at Kensington, and afterwards at Knights-Bridge, till in the year 1706, he removed to a house about a mile from Brentford.

Now, after a life of almost constant vicissitude and exertion, he found that the infirmities of age began to overpower his faculties; and at length, in 1710, finding the air near the city to disagree with his declining health, he took a handsome seat at Rushcomb, near Twyford, in Buckinghamshire, at which he continued to reside during the remainder of his life.

In the year 1712, he had three distinct fits of the apoplectic kind. The last of these so impaired his memory and understanding as to render him thereafter unfit for public action. His friend Thomas Story (who had been the first Recorder of the corporation of Philadelphia) made him annual visits from this time, till his decease. In 1713 and 1714, he found him cheerful, and able to recollect past transactions, but deficient in utterance. In 1715 his memory was decayed, but Story relates that he continued to deliver, in the meeting at Reading, short, but sound and sensible expressions. In 1716 he seemed glad to see his friend, and at parting with him and another he said: "My love is with you. The Lord preserve you; and remember me in the everlasting covenant." In 1717, he scarcely knew his old acquaintance, or could walk without leading. He died in 1718, and was buried at Jordan's, near Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire.

Such was the checkered life, and such the gradual dissolution, of a man whose writings (first published in two volumes folio) bespeak his character, as a Christian and a Philanthropist; and of whom, as a Politician and Legislator, the prosperity of Pennsylvania is a monument more durable than brass and marble.

See the Life of Penn prefixed to the first edition of his Works, London, 1726; the Biographia Britannica, article Penn; and Proud's History of Pennsylvania, a neglected collection of interesting facts and documents, not to be met with elsewhere.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF JOHN BLAIR LINN.

(*Concluded from page* 134.)

To those early and memorable proofs of literary excellence, Mr. Linn was indebted for the honour of the degree of doctor in divinity, conferred upon him about this time, by the university of Pennsylvania. This honor, never before, probably, conferred upon so young a man, was decreed with a zealous unanimity. It may be deemed the spontaneous reward of merit, since, so far from being sought for or claimed by Mr. Linn, neither he nor his familiar friends entertained the least suspicion of the design, before it was carried into execution.

His literary performances were the fruits of those intervals which his professional duty, and the disease which had rooted itself in his constitution, had afforded him. These intervals of health and tranquillity became gradually fewer and shorter. Besides occasional indispositions, by which he was visited more frequently than formerly, those sensations became more and more permanent, which always appeared to his imagination unerring indications of approaching death. To a mind formed like his, these symptoms had been productive of a dreary melancholy, had their effects been confined wholly to his own person, but, with him, they received bitter aggravation from reflections on the helpless state in which an untimely death would leave his family.

No one ever entertained a more lively sense of the duty which his profession had imposed upon him, nor more ardent wishes to be useful to those around him. The voice of blame, even when unmerited, shot the keenest pangs into his soul. The peculiar nature of his feelings, of which there was no external or visible tokens, agonized him with the terror, that any failure of parochial duty might be imputed rather to defect of inclination than of power. Hence was he continually led to overtask his own strength, and to hasten, by undue exertions, that event which was to put a final close to his activity.

From the beginning of his malady, he entertained serious thoughts of resigning his pastoral office. Whether his own feelings conveyed more deadly intimations than his friends imagined, or whether his temper was peculiarly disposed to despondency and

fear, he predicted nothing from these symptoms but lasting infirmity. The exercises of the pulpit were peculiarly unfavourable to his disease. In a different calling, he imagined that his health would be less endangered. Some calling, that might perhaps prove far more arduous, and would certainly be much less agreeable, he was yet extremely desirous of embracing, provided it was such as his peculiar constitution was fitted to endure: but though no such path presented itself to his view, yet so exquisitely painful was it to him to receive a recompense for duties that he was unable to perform, that very often, during the two last years of his life had he formed the resolution of absolutely resigning his call.

As often as these resolutions were formed, they were shaken, for a time, by the admonitions and counsels of his friends. They endeavoured to call back to his bosom that hope which had deserted it; they made light of the symptoms he complained of; they persuaded him that his infirmities were transient; that time alone would dissipate them; or, at least, that some change of regimen, some rural excursion, or a larger portion of exercise than ordinary, would be sufficient to restore him. They insisted on the unreasonableness of despairing of his recovery, before a trial had been made of the proper remedies. His physicians contributed to inspire him with the same confidence. By these means was hope occasionally revived in his heart. He consented to try the remedies prescribed to him; he obtained a respite from church service, and made several journies in pursuit of health: but all these experiments were fruitless. They afforded him a brief and precarious respite from pain, and he eagerly returned to the pulpit. But his feelings quickly warned him that his hopes were fallacious: his infirmities were sure to return upon him with redoubled force; despondency invaded him anew; he again embraced the resolution of resigning his post, from which he was again dissuaded with difficulty greater than before.

These mental struggles and vicissitudes were alone sufficient to have destroyed a much more robust constitution than his. The gloom which hovered over his mind became deeper and more settled. A respite from pain or weakness was not sufficient to dispel it, even for a time; and though his anxieties were more keen at one time than another, long was the period during which he was an utter stranger to joy. If he took up a book, over which

the poet's fancy and the poet's numbers had shed the most vivid hues and the richest harmony, and which, in former days, had been a fountain of delight, he found the spell at an end; it had lost its power to beguile his heart of its cares, or impart the smallest relief to his apprehension. Did he walk forth into the fields, and survey Nature in her fairest forms, the scene merely conjured up a mournful contrast between the pleasures which the landscape once imparted, and its present monotony and dreariness. In fine, there is little doubt that his latent malady infected the springs of life much less rapidly by its own direct force, than indirectly by its influence in lowering his spirits.

These feelings cannot be explained by admitting the influence of constitution. Few men had less reason to dread death, on account of that existence which follows it. If a blameless life and enlightened piety could smooth the path to the grave, or if death were indebted for its terrors merely to the apprehension of its consequences in another mode of existence, few men had less reason than Mr. Linn to view it with anxiety. But such is the physical constitution of most men, that their feelings on this head are by no means in subjection to their reason. The raising of blood seems particularly calculated to affect the spirits of the patient, and the sight of that fluid, so essential to life, oozing through unnatural channels, is sure to appal and disconcert the most courageous minds. Mr. Linn was haunted, from his earliest youth, with a fatal persuasion that he should die young, and of all diseases he regarded consumption with most abhorrence. His present symptoms were to him infallible tokens, not only that death was hastening on him, but that it was approaching in a form the most ghastly and terrific.

These mournful impressions acquired unusual strength in the winter and spring of 1804. He was attacked several times with spitting of blood; and though these symptoms were not deemed fatal or incurable by his physicians, they spoke a language to his own heart not to be mistaken. He was, however, prevailed upon to try the effects of a new journey. For this purpose, he obtained from his congregation leave of absence for two or three months, and set out towards the eastern states. By this journey he was little amused or benefited, and the state of his mind, when setting out on his return, will strongly appear in the following extract of a letter, written at Boston, to his father:

"Never was a traveller less qualified for giving or receiving pleasure. I cannot discover that I have received the least benefit from my voyage or travel, nor have my spirits ascended the smallest degree above their customary pitch.

"I am convinced, that unless I undergo a total renovation, I must leave the pulpit, and endeavour to earn my bread in some other way. If my present impressions are true, if appearances deceive me not, I shall need "but little here below, nor need that little long." But as all my hopes of the world are clouded and ruined, could I only subdue some rising apprehensions, and leave my family provided for, I should not regret the blow, however speedy, that crumbled me to dust. I write not to afflict you, but to relieve myself. It is a strange consolation, but it is one of the few consolations I know. You will therefore please to pardon me for this, and all other offences towards you of which I may be guilty. They are inseparable from my cruel disease.

"I feel the ruin of an intellect, which, with health, would not have dishonoured you, my family, or my country. I feel the ruin of a heart, which I trust was never deficient in gratitude towards my God, or my worldly benefactors. This heart has always fervently cherished the social affections, but now broods over the images of despair, and wars ineffectually with the pang which bespeaks my dissolution. But I must be silent. I believe I have gone too far."

After a short stay in New-York and its neighbourhood, he returned to Philadelphia, in July. During the ensuing six weeks, he was attacked by indisposition in several forms. His mind struggled in vain against the conviction of his increasing and incurable infirmities. As this excursion was followed only by new diseases, his hopes were totally subverted, and he wrote a letter to the session of his church, which contained a resignation of his pulpit.

This letter was written from the bed of sickness, and he was persuaded to recal it a few days afterwards. Some expedients were proposed for relieving him from part of his professional duties, and his mind experienced some temporary ease from the prospects which his friends held out to him. A day of customary health revisited his soul with a transient gleam of consolation; but the fatal period was now hastening, which was to bear stronger testimony than even he himself had imagined to the justice of his apprehensions.

On the thirtieth of August he rose with less indisposition than usual. The last words which he committed to paper was on the morning of that day, in a letter to his father, which, however, was not delivered till some time after the writer was no more. In this letter he declares himself incapable of being burthensome to his congregation. "Does not," says he, "my obligations to God and to my people dictate that I ought without farther trial, to relinquish my present charge? May not a righteous Providence point out this conduct as the only road to health? You know how fervently I love the study and the teaching of divine truths; yet, if compelled by necessity to leave the pulpit, may I not still be useful in some way more corresponding to my strength? Severe, very severe, are the dispensations of my God towards me; but I hope to be able to submit. Hope, on which I have lived, has only glimmered on my path to flatter and deceive me. I am convinced that something must now be done."

Alas! these schemes for futurity were rendered unnecessary before the rising of another sun. On the evening of that day, he occasionally raised blood, but in a degree scarcely perceptible. It was, however, sufficient to dissipate every ray of cheerfulness, and his heart sunk beyond the power of the friends that were with him to restore it. He retired about half after ten o'clock, as little apprehensive of immediate danger as any of his family; but scarcely had he laid his head upon the pillow, when some motion within him occasioned him to say to his wife, "I feel something burst within me. Call the family together: I am dying." He had scarcely time to pronounce these words, when his utterance was choaked by a stream of blood. After a short interval he recovered strength and sensibility sufficient to exclaim with fervency, clasping his hands and lifting his eyes, "Lord Jesus, pardon my transgressions, and receive my soul!"

Such was the abrupt and untimely close of a life, which, though short, had been illustrated by genius and virtue, in a degree of which our country has hitherto afforded very few examples!

On the character of Mr. Linn, as a preacher, it is not necessary to dwell, among those who have enjoyed opportunities of hearing him. It is well known, that few persons in America, though assisted by age and experience, have ever attained so great a popularity as he acquired before his twenty-third year. The merits which shone forth with so much splendour on his first ascending the pulpit, the discipline and experience of four years by no means

impaired. Time, indeed, evinced its salutary influence only in pruning away his juvenile luxuriances, and giving greater solidity to his discourses, without rendering them less engaging.

As a poet, performances must also speak for him. He took up the pen, and his effusions obtained public notice and regard, at so early an age as sixteen. He was not nineteen when he had completed two regular dramatic pieces, one of which was brought upon the stage. All his performances, however, candour compels us to consider as preludes to future exertions, and indications of future excellence. While their positive merit is considerable, they are chiefly characteristics of the writer, by suggesting to us what might have been expected from him, had Providence allowed him a longer date.

On his character in general, the following is the testimony of two of his friends, who had long enjoyed his intimacy, and who are better qualified than any one living to draw a just portrait of him. One of these, the Rev. Mr. John Romeyn, of Albany, speaks of him in the following terms:

"I need scarcely mention his talents were of the first order. His imagination was glowing, and yet it was chaste. Even his earliest attempts of writing display a soundness of judgment rarely united with fervidness of fancy, especially in young people. His taste was formed on pure models. He was capable of deep research, though constitutionally indisposed to it. His genius was poetic. He always preferred a poem, or criticisms on polite literature, to any others species of composition. His constitution was sanguine. This caused a precipitancy in some of his actions, which prudence condemned. He had a bias to pleasure, a taste for it; so much so, that I have often, in reflecting over past scenes, wondered how he escaped its pollutions as he did. His readings in early life contributed very much to increase this taste. He was disposed to be romantic in his views and conduct. His temper was quick, his sensibility exquisite. He had all the capricious feelings peculiar to a poet. Though hasty, and sometimes rash, yet was he generous: he scorned meanness. He was warm in his attachments; benevolent in his propensities to mankind. His anticipated pleasures generally exceeded his actual enjoyments. He was accustomed to dwell more on the dark, than on the bright side of the picture of life. He was prone to melancholy, the melancholy of genius. Oftimes he appeared its victim, sitting for days silent, sad, and gloo-

my. He felt, even to madness, the slightest disrespect, and as sensibly enjoyed attention paid to him. He was not calculated to move in a moderate common course with the generality of mankind; he was either in the valley of gloom or on the mount of transport; rarely did he enjoy temperate, calm pleasure. With years, this sensibility was corrected. I myself perceived a change in him, in this respect, the last time we were together. In short, his system was like a delicate machine, composed of the finest materials, which was liable to derangements from the slightest and most trifling circumstances, and the continual, diversified action of those parts tended gradually, though certainly, to a speedy destruction of the whole."

The Rev. Mr. Alexander M'Leod, of New-York, speaks of his deceased friend in the following terms:

"About the time of his beginning to preach the gospel, he was greatly agitated about two of the most important points in the Christian's life, What are the characteristics of gracious exercises of heart toward God? and, What is the connexion between the speculative truths of revealed religion and those exercises?

"I advised him to read Dr. Owen's Treatise on Communion with God. He did so. He was satisfied with it. He entered fully into the doctor's views of that interesting subject. Of the state of his mind I have received from himself explicit information. Opposed to enthusiasm, and naturally delicate, he was not very communicative on such subjects. He did not think it prudent to unbosom himself to many, because he had himself such a low opinion of his Christian experience, that he thought it probable a fair statement would dispose the censorious to conclude he was entirely destitute of piety, and render the nominal professor satisfied with his own attainments; and consequently have a tendency to hinder his public usefulness, and to encourage inattention to experimental religion. He therefore scarcely ever alluded to his own experience, in conversation even with his most intimate religious friends. He was not, however, absolutely opposed to conversation upon such subjects. He could throw aside reserve, and enter upon it with freedom, when he was under no apprehension that this freedom would be abused.

"He was much under the influence of the fear of death, and a reluctance to dying. But he was not in terror of future punishment; for although he confessed himself worthy of it, he trusted

in that Saviour which the gospel offers to sinners, and, firmly persuaded of the safety of believers, cheerfully hoped that his own faith, although weak, was really sincere. The frame of his mind, in relation to spiritual things, was almost uniform: never extremely gloomy, never extremely joyous. It differed surprisingly from the natural temperament of his mind. In the concerns of common life, he was the slave of sensibility, the mere child of circumstances. He knew this. His religious life appeared to himself a third estate, supernaturally called into existence in the empire of his soul, which created a distinct interest, to which all his affections were drawn; and which gradually progressing in strength and in influence, checked the dangerous efforts of the opposite principles of his constitution, rendering his joys less vivid and more lasting, and rendering his sorrows more easy to endure and overcome."

No man ever stood more in need of the aid of friendship and domestic sympathy than Dr. Linn; and no stronger proof could be given of the purity and rectitude of his character, than his feelings on this head. His father and his sisters were his friends, in the highest sense of that term. In the bosom of his own family he sought for objects in whom to repose his confidence, and from whom to claim consolation. To entertain a general regard for the worldly welfare and advantage of near relatives is so common, and originates so frequently in selfish motives, that it can scarcely be deemed a merit in any one; but Dr. Linn's attachment to his family was of a higher order. It led him, not only into the tenderest concern for their welfare, but into an intimate union of his heart and affection with theirs. From the time of his entering on the study of theology to his death, he kept up a frequent correspondence with his father. To him he imparted all his hopes and fears, and thus afforded the strongest proof of integrity of thought and action, since eminently pure must that mind be, which can repose unbounded confidence in a father. Such confidence, indeed, is no less honourable to the father who obtains, than to the son who bestows it; and justice will not discountenance the favourable inference which may be suggested by the present case.

The best companions of his early youth, those whom a similarity of age and inclinations had endeared to him, were, indeed, removed, by their diverse destinies, to a great distance from him; and this circumstance might have been a source of some regret to those who loved him, had not the filial and fraternal charities glow-

ed as warmly as they did in his heart, and supplied the place of all other friendship.

He was esteemed and beloved by great numbers, but it was his fondness for seclusion, and not any froward or morose passions, which occasioned him to have but little intercourse with mankind. This little intercourse was by no means fettered or disturbed by personal prejudices. With all his clear and cogent principles, on moral, political, and religious subjects, he combined a charity open as day, and extensive as mankind, and no one's deportment could be more benign and inoffensive than his, towards those who differed with him, even in essential points. He avoided the company of those whom he had no reason to love or respect. He did not seek beyond the small circle of his nearest kindred the company of those who had secured his regard, but when propriety or accident led him into contact with the *former*, his treatment of them was adapted to win their reverence, and he never refused his confidence or kindness, when claimed by the *latter*. Short as was his date, and clouded as was the morning of his life by infirmities and sorrows, few there are whose memory will be treated by his adversaries, if any such exist, with more lenity, or will live longer in the hearts of his friends. To mankind at large his short life was useful and glorious, since it was devoted to the divine purpose of inculcating moral and religious duty, and the purpose, only *less* divine, of illuminating the imagination with the visions of a glowing and harmonious poetry.

RHETORIC——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

INTRODUCTORY LECTURE

ON

THE ARTS OF READING AND PUBLIC SPEAKING,

DELIVERED IN THE PHILADELPHIA ACADEMY, NOV. 17, 1806, AND IN THE HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY, NOV. 16, 1807.

(*Continued from page* 113.)

THE fundamental law of Oratory is, "Follow Nature"—without an attentive regard to which, all other rules will only produce stiff and

affected declamation—not just elocution. For no one can deserve the appellation of a good reader or speaker, much less of an accomplished orator, who does not to a distinct articulation, a ready command of voice, and just pronunciation, accent, and emphasis, add the various expressions of emotion and passion: but in this part of his office, *written* precepts alone can afford him little assistance. "To describe in words," says Dr. Enfield, "the particular expression which belongs to each emotion and passion, is, perhaps, wholly impracticable. All attempts to enable men to become orators, by teaching them, in *written* rules, the manner in which the voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed in expressing the passions, must, from the nature of the thing, be exceedingly imperfect, and consequently ineffectual." A man might as well attempt to teach fencing, by pictures of gladiatorial exercises, or to evolve the graceful mazes of a dance, by the mummery of diagrams.

Precepts, it has been observed, are, with regard to Rhetoric, what the skeleton is to the human body. By studying it one may learn to know the distribution of the muscles, and the connexion of the bones; but it never can give an adequate idea of the force and beauty of the living form. The study of the rules of rhetoric is, therefore, to the pupil of eloquence, what anatomy is to the young painter. In order to design correctly, he must know the structure of the human body; but, however perfect he may be in his knowledge, the art of *colouring* is still wanting; and to give life to the canvas, he must study nature, and those who have excelled in imitating it.

Reading may, with propriety, be called artificial speaking; as it is indeed the imitation of natural eloquence. Hence, like all other imitative arts, its end is defeated by every appearance of study, habit, or affectation. "*Ars est*," said the Romans, "*celare artem*,"† and to no subject does this adage more forcibly apply than to the art of reading. Any peculiarity, therefore, of tone and manner in reading must be disagreeable, as it is unnatural. It is, nevertheless, very certain, that as there are few common readers who have not a disagreeable tone; so there are few pretended adepts in this art, who are not declaimers. It is difficult to say, which of the two is the most disgusting. It is plain, however, that as the former must get rid of his acquired habit, so the latter must unlearn almost all he hath learned, before he can possibly be a good reader; and to reform bad habits is infinitely more difficult, than to commence and proceed correctly.

Indeed, before any rules can be received for the study of this art, it is necessary to eradicate those prejudices which will prevent people

† "It is the perfection of art to conceal its exertions."

from profiting by them. For men's prejudices have a powerful effect upon their judgment, and often pervert it when they perceive it not themselves. But to eradicate entirely a vitious habit of pronunciation, must be the work of time, and the effect of repeated exertions.

The groundwork, or fundamental principle of both the arts of reading and of public speaking, is, *distinctness of articulation*, or the giving to every sound which is uttered its due proportion, and making every word, syllable, and even every letter in the word be heard distinctly. An accurate knowledge of the simple elementary sounds of the language, and a facility in uttering them, are so necessary to distinctness of expression, that it will be in vain to indulge the hope of being a good reader, if every elementary sound of the language cannot be first completely and easily articulated.

Next to an accurate knowledge of, and facility in uttering the elementary sounds, in their various combinations, a command of the principles of *accentuation* must be acquired, though in this respect our language is subject to frequent changes. Accent appears to be the most unstable part of the English language. We can all remember words differently accented, from the present practice, and many might be collected which still are fluctuating with their accent unsettled.

Acă'demy had formerly the *first* syllable accented:

"Our court shall be a little a'cademy.
Love's Labour Lost.

Chă'racter: (verb and noun.)

"Who art the table, wherein all my thoughts
"Are visibly chara'cter'd and engraved."
Two Gent. of Ver.

"And writing strange chara'cters on the ground.
Fairy Queen.

Hence the vulgar, who are more tenacious of old modes of speech than people in higher life, still talk of a good or bad *chara'cter.*

Trĭ'umph: (verb)

"Let others still triu'mph and gain their cause."
Dryden, Ep.

And almost universally throughout Milton:

"Who now triu'mphs, and in th' excess of joy
"Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven.
Par. Lost.

Many others might be enumerated from unquestionable authority, did time permit. Every thing human, however, is susceptible of change,

and so irresistibly powerful is the authority of fashion, that in a course of years the accentuation of every living language undergoes a considerable alteration: and our own language, in particular, which, it has been facetiously observed, is made up of the shreds and clippings of all other languages, is, of course, infinitely more exposed than any other to the arbitrary caprice of custom and the fluctuating aberration of popular opinion. The next important principle to be attended to is that of *emphasis*. The offices of emphasis and accent have a very near analogy; that of the former being to mark for notice, and raise to eminence *words* in sentences; that of the latter *syllables* in words. Their purposes being thus analogous, similar means serve, in a great degree, for each; but they have very material differences. Accent is allotted to its syllable by the law of custom only, whether founded upon grammatical system, or the caprice of fashion, and there remains immovable. Whereas emphasis, subject to no control of custom, but always obedient to reason, may change its place with the speaker's or author's meaning, through all the words of a sentence. Great judgment is, therefore, necessary in the application of it: for if emphasis does not improve it always vitiates, nay, sometimes perverts the sense.

The influence of false emphasis in perverting the sense of a passage might be illustrated by a variety of examples, of which the following is a remarkable one:

A Rector calling upon the Curate of his parish to read prayers for him, the 13th chapter of the first book of Kings, containing an account of the seduction and death of the Prophet of Judah, being the first lesson for the day, the Curate read the 27th verse thus; 'And he spake unto his sons, saying, Saddle *me* the ass, so they saddled him.' The Rector remonstrating against this false emphasis, and pointing out the word *ass* as the word on which it ought to be laid, the Curate in reading the service the next year, remembering the Rector's reproof, determined not only to place the emphasis according to his just criticism, but to add another emphasis in order to render his manner of reading more impressive; and he accordingly read it thus: 'And he spake unto his sons saying, Saddle me the *ass*, so they saddled *him*.

To lay the emphasis with exact propriety requires the constant exercise of good sense and attention. It is far from being an inconsiderable attainment. It is one of the greatest indications of a true and a just taste; and must arise from feeling delicately ourselves, and from judging accurately of what is fittest to strike the feelings of others. There is as great difference between a chapter of the Bible, or any other piece of plain prose, read by one who places the several emphases, and modulates the tones of his voice everywhere, with taste and judgment, and by one who mistakes or neglects them, as there is between the same tune played by a masterly hand, or that of the most bungling, blundering performer.

With respect to the art of *Public Speaking*, the preliminary observations I have suggested upon that of *Reading*, are in general equally applicable. A perfect and all-accomplished orator is indeed a "*rara avis in terris*," "a singular character in the world," because superadded to native genius and taste, there must be possessed a correct and critical knowledge of the language in which he speaks: a peculiar adaptation of the organs of speech to produce perfect melody of sound through all the various intonations of the human voice, which are required justly to express the emotions and sentiments of the human mind: and a sound judgment to regulate their application.

The study and attainment of excellence in the art of public speaking have usually been considered as only necessary for the three professions, the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Stage. In this country, however, the field for its exercise is infinitely more extensive, nay, so much so, as to render it an essential branch of education in every class of society; from the wealthy and independent gentleman, to the poor yet industrious mechanic; the nature of our government being such as to extend to every member of the community the possibility of being called into the public councils, where it is well known graceful and correct elocution produces the most wonderful effects, and invariably procures for its possessor a wreath of unfading laurel. The Bar, and the Pulpit, when graced with the charms of oratory, are equally sure avenues to honour and to fame. "An eloquent man," says Solomon, "is known far and near." Hence the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero among the ancients, has immortalized their names. The throne of Macedon trembling to its centre before the thunder of the one, while the milder yet persuasive eloquence of the latter, long supported and consolidated the tottering republic of Rome:

Hence Pisistratus, a noble Athenian, by the influence of a bold and overbearing eloquence, defeated the sage counsel of the venerable, the illustrious Solon, and so fascinated the people with his oratory as to induce them voluntarily to surrender their liberty, and submit to his government:

Hence Anthony by the force of his elocution, as much as by his personal dignity, confounded and repelled those soldiers, who had received express orders to assassinate him:

Hence Pericles by the irresistible charms of graceful and animated utterance, gained as great an authority under a republican government, as though he had been a monarch; and obtained the highest possible degree of popularity, even while he spoke *against* the people:

And hence the powerful and persuasive eloquence among the moderns, of a Burke, a Pitt, a Sheridan, and a Fox in the Senate; a Whitefield, a Massillon, a Duche, a Bourdaloue, and a Faucett in the Pulpit; a Mansfield, an Erskine, and a Curran at the Bar; and a Garrick, a

Henderson, a Kemble, and a Siddons on the stage, always fascinated and delighted their eager and attentive auditors. Their eloquence alone has indelibly recorded their names in the annals of Oratory, and conspicuously emblazoned them in the temple of Fame.

The accomplished Orator, fully possessed of his subject, glowing with that professional enthusiasm which alone can elevate a man to excellence and superiority, and inspired with confidence from an accurate knowledge of the essential principles of correct elocution, cannot fail to engage the attention, and command the approbation of an audience. Like a powerful and majestic river, whether gliding in a calm and irresistible current, or agitated and accelerated in its impetuous course, it at once fertilizes, and improves the soil through which it flows, and excites in its beholders, admiration and delight.

This invaluable attainment of graceful and impressive Oratory, like its sister accomplishment, correct and elegant Reading, is also to be acquired with infinitely more certainty and ease by practical instruction and exercise, than by theory and written precept.

The celebrated Dr. Blair, in his Dissertation on the means of improving in Eloquence says,

"The meetings or societies into which men sometimes form themselves for the purpose of improvement in reading and speaking, are laudable institutions; and, *under proper conduct*, may serve the most valuable purposes. They produce emulation, and gradually inure those who are concerned in them to somewhat that resembles a Public Assembly. They accustom them to know their own powers, and to acquire a command of themselves in speaking."

For, though the old Roman adage "Poeta nascitur non fit,"* is equally true, with respect to the orator, yet much may be acquired by application and exertion, where Nature has not been so liberal as to endow with intuitive excellence, in these important qualifications. Both the natural and artificial orator, however, require the suggestions of matured taste and correct judgment, the result of study and observation, to regulate and form the character. The exuberances of Genius must be pruned and directed, while the efforts of more latent and inactive capacities, must be stimulated by persuasion, and invigorated by example.

The chief instruments of Elocution, are the voice, the countenance, and the hands; or rather their productions, tones, looks, and gestures.

By the tones, or modulations of the human voice, the various sentiments and passions of the human mind are expressed.

As Mechanics have been defined, "the Geometry of motion," so accent, emphasis, and pauses, may be said to constitute the Geometry

* "A poet must derive his character from nature, not from art."

or Mechanical part of the arts of reading and speaking; the mere sense or meaning of an author being communicated by them, while the spirit and energy of the sentiments can only be conveyed by the various tones, or inflexions of the voice. A correct acquaintance, therefore, with them, and a just observance of them, constitutes one of the most essential branches of Elocution. Accent affects only letters and syllables; emphasis only words; but tones affect sentences, paragraphs, and sometimes the whole of a discourse.

Language is the dress of thought, and the mind of man communicating its ideas, is in a continual state of activity, emotion, or agitation, from the different effects which those ideas produce in the speaker. The object of such communication, however, is not merely to express the *ideas*, but also the different *feelings*, which they excite in him who utters them; there must, therefore, be other signs than mere words to manifest those feelings. Language should not only convey the dictates of the understanding, but the emotions of the heart. As the communication of these internal feelings is of the utmost importance in our social intercourse, the Author of nature did not leave the invention of the language of emotion to man, but impressed it himself on our nature, in the same manner as he has on the rest of the animal world, all of which express their various feelings by various *tones*. Ours, indeed, from the superior rank we hold in the great scale of creation, are in a high degree more comprehensive, as there is not an act of the mind, an exertion of the fancy, nor an emotion of the heart, which has not its peculiar *tone*, or note of the voice, by which it is to be expressed, and which is suited exactly to the degree of internal feeling: and it is chiefly in the proper use of those tones, that the life, spirit, beauty, and harmony of delivery consist.

This correct and natural language of the heart is not so difficult to be attained as may at first view be imagined. If we properly consider and enter into the spirit of the author's sentiments, as well as into the meaning of his words, and endeavour to consider them our own, we shall not fail to deliver the words, in natural and properly varied tones: for there are few people, who have not accurate use of accent, emphasis, pauses, and tones (which are four of the indispensable principles of good reading) when they utter their own sentiments in common conversation, particularly if the subject be in any degree interesting to them. A man who is earnest in communicating anything to another, who is animated by anger, agitated by fear, or is under the immediate influence of any of the passions, requires no exertion to express those passions, but will naturally, indeed, unavoidably communicate his feelings with appropriate tones, looks, and gestures. That all have not the same use of them in reading aloud the sentiments of others, is to be imputed, first, to the want of interest in the subject,

and secondly, to the very defective and erroneous manner in which the art of reading is generally taught; whereby all the various, natural, expressive tones of speech, are suppressed, and a few artificial, unmeaning notes are substituted for them. Hence the dull, uninteresting, monotonous, or canting style of reading which so generally prevails, and is of course, so generally offensive and disgusting.

Did readers, in general, employ the same colloquial tones in expressing the sentiments of others, which they use in expressing their own, all these disagreeable properties would be avoided.

The influence of looks, with regard to expression, is thus beautifully portrayed by Thomson, in his description of the mutual affection of Celadon and Amelia:

> ..... "Alone amid the shades,
> Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd
> The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
> Or sigh'd, and *look'd* unutterable things."

The Divine Author of our religion, "who knew what was in man," reproved the perfidy of his boasting Apostle Peter, not with words, but with a *look* that agonized his soul. After the third denial of him, we are told that "the Lord turned and *looked* upon Peter; and Peter remembered the words that Jesus had spoken unto him, before the cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice; and he went out and wept bitterly." It was such a look as was able to melt and to convert the soul. That one piercing glance recalled him to virtue and to repentance: it awakened his love, his faith, his constancy, and caused the streams of penitent sorrow to flow abundantly.

When we consider that in a correct and graceful speaker all his tones are to be accompanied by suitable looks and gestures, not only adapted in the justest proportion to give due force to the sentiment, but regulated also in such a way as to appear graceful, we need not wonder that true oratory is so little known among us; because the principles of the art have been so little studied and taught. And, indeed, the extreme difficulty of arriving at perfection in it, without previous application and instruction, cannot be more clearly evinced, than by the very few instances which appear at the bar, in the pulpit, or even on the stage, where oratory is the chief object, and business of the profession. This deficiency chiefly arises from the general practice of devoting the whole time and attention of our youth to the cultivation of *written* language, leaving the characteristic and noble powers of speech altogether to the direction of chance, and the impulse of nature.

How different was the conduct of the ancients, who considered *Elocution*, one of the most important, and indispensable parts of Edu-

cation! Eloquence was by them so much cultivated and esteemed, that it was made the province of the Muse, and considered as under a divine patronage.

* ——— "Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui."——— HOR. AR. PO.

Among numberless other instances of its astonishing influence, when we are told of the eloquence of the celebrated *Cyrenian* Philosopher, we are assured, that in describing the miseries of human life, he had power to drive his hearers to despair, and that many of them actually sought for refuge in death; nay, that Ptolemy found himself obliged to prohibit such subjects, that his kingdom might not be depopulated. Such an effect as this justly astonishes us, and we must either look upon the thing itself as a fiction, or seek for the cause in some rhetorical powers and excellencies, which *modern* orators do not possess. If it be a fiction, then everything else that is extraordinary in antiquity, may be deemed a fiction; for, this is recorded by Laertius, mentioned by Cicero, and cited by Valerius Maximus. If it be not a fiction, then it must unavoidably be referred to some superior power in ancient Eloquence.

Cicero tells us, that Caius Gracchus, when he spoke in public, was always attended by a musician, with an ivory flute, whose business it was to assist him in the regulation of his voice. Such an attendant would, I imagine, very much perplex and distress a *modern* speaker.

(To be concluded in our next.)

TRAVELS——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE,
Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

LETTER LXIII.

IF I could conduct you homewards with me from the Thuilleries, to the Rue de la Ferne des Mathurins, you would find us comfortably lodged in as much retirement from the noise and bustle

* "To her lov'd Greeks the Muse indulgent gave,
"To her lov'd Greeks with greatness to conceive;
"And in sublimer tone their language raise." FRANCIS.

of the city, as if we were in a country town of New England. Our house is small, but convenient; and with the kitchen and the porter's lodge, and the porte cochere, and the Court-yard, has the appearance of a Hotel in miniature. The office of porter, at a public hotel, is generally filled by some inferior tradesman, who can by pulling a string, raise the bolt without moving from his seat, or his shop-board; but in private houses he is a servant so stationed as to attend the gate, and whose business it is to sweep out the rooms and staircase, and to rub the floors every morning; they are so frequently from Switzerland, that the words porter and Swiss, are become synonymous; ours, however, is a Savoyard, who having wandered at a very early age from his native mountains, and swept chimnies, and cleaned shoes, and gone of errands, and practised all the various modes of living, which his nation seems in possession of in Paris, is now settled down for life as a porter, contented to get his victuals, and about twelve pounds a year. Our coachman is a man advanced in life, with a very grave countenance, and a head nicely powdered. He would not upon any account mount the coachbox of a morning, before two enormous curls, which he wears at the sides, were completely arranged, and he declared to me upon his veracity, that this article of his toilette cost him full sixty sous a quarter. Our cook also must be introduced to your acquaintance; not Dame Leonarde of immortal memory, nor Dame Jacintha whose ragouts were so perfect, understood the business of the kitchen better, but she has other talents which would have qualified her for a distinguished place in the kitchen of the Sicilian Nobleman, and we find ourselves obliged to overlook her accompts very regularly every day. We have a valet de place also, who has all the merit those sort of people ever have; he has his favourites among the tradesmen, and levies, I presume, a small contribution at our expense. A water carrier keeps the house well supplied with water, and since the invention of filtrating fountains, the Seine water is as good as that of your best springs at the mountains. A part of Paris is supplied with this necessary of life by the powers of the steam engine of Chailcot, the practicability of which was a cause of discussion for the wits of Paris, for Mirabeau and Beaumarchais among the rest, till their attention was called off to objects which have not been productive of such general utility. There is a great deal yet to be described on the

North side of the river; all the places of public amusement are there, and of these I must give you some account; but we will first make an excursion to the other side, at the South Eastern extremity of the city. Let me request you therefore to return to your plan of Paris, and to draw a line, or stretch a thread from the Southern extremity of the Thuilleries, to the Luxembourg, which you will easily find; a continuation of the line will strike the Rue St. Jaques, at the English Benedictines; another, at an obtuse angle, will carry you to the Gobelim manufactory, hence the Rue St. Marcel will conduct you to the ancient and now obscure church of St. Medard, and you will afterwards pass along the Rue Neuve d'Orleans, to the Garden of Plants. From the Garden of Plants we will return homewards by the Rue St. Victor, and the place Marbert, and across the island of the city, where the ancient palace of Justice, on the one side, and the Metropolitan church of Notre Dame, on the other, will deserve our attention as we pass: having crossed to the Quai Voltaire, the line soon brings you to the Rue des Petits Augustins, and shortly after to the ancient abbey of that name: this street, des Petits Augustins, was formerly a canal, that divided the Scholar's meadow, where Sully describes himself as having exposed his life in so careless a manner, after the death of Madame de Rosny; at the upper end of it stands the former convent of Augustin monks where all the monuments and other pieces of ornamental sculpture, which could be saved from the ruin of the churches during the madness of the revolution, have been deposited; these curious relics of ancient art, and memorials of distinguished persons are here arranged in different apartments, according to their respective antiquity, and one has the satisfaction to trace the progress of sculpture through the course of many succeeding centuries; when the tombs at St. Dennis were opened, the pretence was to make use of the leaden coffins, which had been accumulated there in so many ages, for the purpose of war, but the chief object of the wretches who then governed, was to lower the Regal Character, in the estimation of the nation by this last insult: fortunately, with all their desire to destroy, the greater part of the monuments were preserved, and are now here; the intrinsic merit of the sculpture, in those pieces which were meant to represent the earlier kings, is very small indeed. Clovis, Chilperic, and Clotaire, are so many blocks of mishapen stone, in which

there is at best, but a rude imitation of the human figure; it was this last, who, as he felt himself dying, was heard to exclaim, " And who is this mighty God of Heaven, that can at his pleasure, remove the greatest monarch upon earth?" For so this barbarian supposed himself. The statue of St. Louis, however, is somewhat better; it is formed, indeed, like the others, of very ordinary stone, and the features are considerably defaced, but in this rude representation, and after a lapse of six centuries, there is an air of goodness and simplicity, and more of countenance, than I could ever discover in many of the master-pieces of Grecian art. The leaden saint upon his hat, and the air of cunning and malignity are expressive of Louis XI; the guards of this wretched tyrant watching day and night over his person, and the walls of his castle covered with iron spikes, and his looking about so anxiously in his last moments for some earthly mediator between heaven and himself, would prevent any succeeding monarch, we might suppose, from giving way to those suspicions, and to that implacable resentment, which rendered the latter part of the reign of Louis so fatal to his subjects; but man will not be benefitted by the experience of others: the face of Louis XII, is that of an emaciated old man, but I considered it with great attention and respect; it was he who said, upon being told that the Parisians ridiculed his mode of living, I had rather they should laugh at my parsimony and simplicity, than be made to weep by my oppression and tyranny. The Historian of his life says, he might have lived many years longer, had he not in order to please his young wife, the beautiful Mary of England, so materially altered his mode of living. He had always been accustomed to dine at eight; but he now dined at noon, and instead of going to bed at the good old hour of six, he would frequently sit up till near midnight. It would lead us frequently into error, I know, to apply the system of Lavater upon every occasion, but Richelieu, though supported by Religion, and with Science weeping at his feet, and in the attitude of a dying man, discovers a proud and domineering spirit in his countenance, while there is something yielding and compliant in the air and attitude of his successor Mazerin. You will see in Voltaire's Louis XIV, what immense sums of money this last left behind him; one of his modes of amassing, was to buy up the engagements of the government, which he knew how to depress the price of, and to pay himself the full nominal

value from the Royal Treasury. Another of the distinguished ministers of France, whose statue is seen here at full length is Louvois, in whose countenance, and in the swelling of whose upper lip there is a great deal of character expressed. I accompanied the administrator of the museum, as he is called, up stairs, and he there showed me in a closet the bust of Louis XV; who appears to have been one of the handsomest men of his time, with those of the late king, and of the unfortunate Maria Antoinette, in whose air there is a great deal of energy and animation: she appears, as she really was, every way superior to Madame de Barry, whose bust is in the same closet; this last was a handsome woman, but her beauty has an insipidity of expression, only fitted for the Haram. There is a garden annexed to the Museum, which contains among other tombs, that of Abelard and Eloisa, which was brought from Paraclete, but the bones of these unhappy lovers are in a box above stairs, with a partition between them, such as became the piety of a prior, and the sanctity of a holy abbess. This decent attention to the poor remains of two persons, who lived so many years ago, and whose lives were of so little importance to society, is one of the most splendid triumphs of English Poetry. There is something extremely solemn in this assemblage of kings, statesmen, and soldiers, of great ladies distinguished once either for their beauty, or their high birth, and of magistrates, and men of letters; it seems an emblem of a future state, in which all ranks and generations will lie confounded: the mean neighbourhood of some of these—of Piron and Voltaire, for instance, reminded me of that passage in Pope's Windsor Castle, where he describes one common tomb as receiving those whom the same country could not formerly contain:

> "And by his side the much fear'd Edward sleeps."

It is at the same time highly gratifying to trace the progress of sculpture through so many centuries, and to observe the changes which have taken place in dress. The stiff stays, and long waists of former days, are still more frightful, I think, in stone, than in colours. The art of sculpture took its rise among the fine forms, and in the fine climate of ancient Greece; thence it passed to their conquerors the Romans; but the removal of the seat of government together with every eminent artist, and every valua-

ble production of former times under Constantine, and the inroads of barbarians afterwards, put an end to the art in Rome, while the zeal of the image-breaking kings, and the prevalence of the Mahometan religion were fatal to it in the East. It is said to have been revived in France under St. Louis, and to have attained its utmost perfection there, before the time of Louis XIV, when the simplicity and elegance of antiquity were neglected, for imaginary taste and false dignity. What effect the Revolution may have had upon this, and upon the sister art of painting, does not seem yet decided. There have been some eminent painters, and among the rest David has been much spoken of, but I think the figures of his pictures exaggerated, and the colouring false; every object of them seemed tinged with yellow; as to sculpture, the art is too expensive to be successfully patronized by a government, which, with a most splendid court, an immense army, a number of needy dependants to provide for, and a fleet to create, is extremely limited in its pecuniary resources, and borrows no money, but by anticipating on the next year's revenue, and at the rate of nine per cent. A figure as large as life costs nearly 600*l*. Such at least was the information given me by one of the most eminent sculptors, whom I found living at the ancient Sorbonne: he informed me at the same time, that having contracted for a statue with the former Royal government, for which he was to receive 550*l*. he had delivered it to their successors in the time of Jacobinism, and that the value paid him in the depreciated assignats amounted to 12 livres. I did not neglect, as you may very well suppose, that corner of the Museum, where are the monumental busts of the most eminent poets; Racine, the Virgil of the French language; Moliere, and La Fontaine, to whom no poets of any age or country, can be compared; and Boileau, who may be compared to Pope, are placed as they deserved to be, in conspicuous stations. This last with the correctness of Pope, with more delicacy of expression, and at least as much genius, had the difficult part to fill of a courtier, who depends upon the regard of a monarch, the vainest of mankind, and yet wishes to retain the reputation of integrity, and freedom of speech; upon being told once by a person, who wished to overrule his objections to some literary production, that the king had already declared himself to be of a different opinion; God forbid, Sir, said Boileau, that his majesty should ever understand these things as

well as I do; and when he was put to a still harder trial, when the king showed him some lines he had just composed, and asked his opinion of them: nothing Sir, was his answer, nothing is impossible to your majesty, you wished to write bad verse, and you have succeeded. I should be sorry that the collection which forms this Museum should be broken up, as it is reputed to be the intention of government in order to restore the different monuments to the churches, they were taken from; to me it is far more interesting than any other exhibition in Paris, and I am much mistaken, if the young men of various nations, who visit the curiosities of the capital of France, do not leave this ancient monastery with impressions far more conducive to morality, than those which are made by the irregular gods and naked goddesses of Ancient Greece, at the Louvre. The next object deserving of your attention along the line we have traced, is the ancient Abbey of St. Germain des Pres, which having been originally a temple of Isis, or of Ceres, was afterwards a convent of Benedictine monks with great estates, and fortified for defence like an immense citadel, until the increase of Paris brought it within the walls; it is now the residence of a Traiteur, and the principle office for procuring post-horses, and a part is still applied to the purpose of a military prison; it was here in part that those shocking scenes were perpetrated in 92, which I shall not shock you with a recital of. When Henry the IVth surprized the suburbs in 1589, he went up into the steeple of the Abbey church to take a better view of the town, attended by a single monk, and declared when he got down again, that the idea of Jaques Clement, and of his knife, had haunted his imagination at finding himself alone with a monk, in so retired a place. Following the line, you leave the ancient church of St. Sulpice on the right; it is one of the handsomest in Paris, and appears to much greater advantage since the seminary has been taken down: on the left where the streets — and of the Petits Bourbon meet, stood the hotel of that implacable Duchess of Montpensier, who never forgave Henry III, for having spoken contemptuously of her person. The Luxembourg, where I may now suppose you arrived, is a large and handsome palace; it was built by Mary of Medicis, in the best style of Italian architecture; it was formerly the residence of Monsieur, now Louis the XVIII; the garden which has been enlarged by a portion of what was once the garden of

the Chartreux, affords a delightful walk; it appears larger than that of the Thuilleries, though not so splendid. The palace served, during the time of Robespiere, as a prison, and you may have seen in the works of Miss Williams, a very interesting account of her detention there, and of her conversation with Silevy and others, who were confined in a room adjoining hers, and her sisters. The Directory restored it in some measure to the original purpose, for which it was built, and resided there during their administration; it is now partly in possession of Prince Joseph, and partly assigned to the use of the conversative Senate, who sit there occasionally in a very handsome room, and to as little purpose as the tribunes do in theirs: A noble stair case leads up to their hall, and the whole of the ascent is lined with the statues of such generals as have died during the revolution. The first husband of the Empress, the Count de Beauharnois, is among the number, though he perished by the guillotine, and is placed next to the door at which the Empress enters, when she attends as usual to the opening of the sessions: such a figure must I should think, excite some strange ideas in her mind, when she passes so close to it; he was a man of fashion and quality, and lived a great deal at court, which accounts for the facility with which his widow has been able to accommodate herself to the etiquette of her new situation. She very narrowly escaped sharing the fate of her husband, and owed her safety in all probability to her personal attractions. Their son who has been lately married to the princess of Bavaria, was, fortunately for him, overlooked, but his friends to remove him still more from observation, bound him apprentice to a joiner, who was a hard master, and used frequently to chastise him; he is now regent of Italy, but might at this moment have been at work upon a table or a chair, in the Rue St. Honorie, had not his mother attracted the attention of a Corsican officer, who thought, and who thought right, that he might make his fortune by marrying her. The palace of the Luxembourg has been long famous for the valuable pictures it contains in two spacious galleries, and to those of Rubens, and of Vernet, have been lately added several distinguished productions of modern masters, and particularly of David. Those of Rubens, which are twenty-four in number, comprise the history of Mary of Medici, from her birth to her reconciliation with her son, which I believe, forms the subject of the last picture.

Had the painter continued her history, he would have found it very difficult to soften the subsequent scenes of it into anything like compliment. She was driven from court by the intrigues of him whom she had placed about the person of her son, and died at a distance from France, after passing many years in exile, and almost in want. I have heard the works of Rubens much extolled, by all who could pretend to appreciate their merit, and the execution must strike every one as admirable; but there is a mixture of allegory and history, of Paganism and Christianity, of truth and fiction, which the understanding revolts at: there are ideas which the mind admits of in Poetry, and to which the imagination in some measure even gives a local habitation and a name, that should never enter into the composition of a picture. When Goldsmith says,

"Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,"

he conveys an agreeable idea to the mind, but how would it be possible for a painter to express as much without violating the rules of propriety and common sense? At the flight of the holy family into Egypt, we readily admit them to have been under the peculiar guidance of Providence, but the same subject, all-sacred as it is, is rendered almost ludicrous by the representation of a great, stout, well-made, broad-shouldered angel, who walks before, and leads the ass by a halter. Mary of Medici, had a handsome face, but was clumsy in her person, nor is it possible to conceive a more unbecoming dress than the one the painter gives her: had the taste of Rubens been improved by the models of ancient times, as that of David has been, these pictures excellent as they are, would still have been more agreeable to look at. The establishment of the English Benedictines was never very considerable, and only remarkable formerly for the body of James II, which was kept unburied by these good fathers; they hoped that the time would come, when a restoration in England, might enable them to convey it with becoming pomp to the vault of Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey; their property shared the fate of other church property during the revolution, and their place of worship has been converted into an ordinary dwelling-house; the few of the fathers that remain subsist upon a small pension allowed by the government. I went into the Traiteur's who formerly kept an eating-house, at which they sometimes dined,

and found one of them there: this gentleman informed me, that the Prior, who was far advanced in life, and very infirm, had caused himself to be removed to a house in the neighbourhood, from the window of which he might every day behold, their former church. He confirmed to me the report, which I had heard, of the king of Great Britain allowing the Cardinal of York a pension of 4000*l*. a year, and his Jacobitism relented so far, as to make him allow it was a good action. I have conversed with an old Scotch gentleman upon this subject, and have seen the tears run down his cheeks in speaking of the misfortunes of the Stuarts, and of this very act of bounty, which had become necessary to the decent subsistence of the chief of the family. We have become so philosophical in these more improved times, and particularly in America, that we smile at the simplicity of those, who can be actuated by a fond attachment to the person and family of a first magistrate, and it is certain that there may exist a sentiment of patriotism, which is far more dignified: I question, however, if this last exists to the degree it ought among us, and it is melancholy to think how little there is of the first.

VINDICATION OF MACCHIAVELLI.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Among the innumerable errors, which, in despite of the Powers of Reason and Philosophy, continue, by a sort of spell, to cajole mankind, may be reckoned that spirit of *False* Criticism, so current in the Republic of Letters. In perfect thraldom to the enchantment of Absurdity, men have long since laid it down, as a kind of axiom, or first principle, in speaking of the character of Nicolas Machiavel, to describe that celebrated writer as a Despot in Politics, and as a Deist in Religion. The very reverse is legitimate truth. His whole life was devoted to the discussion of topics interesting to Human Nature. He was an ardent friend to Civil and Religious Liberty; justly understood. He was a genuine Patriot, and a sincere Christian. His last moments attested the sincerity and the purity of his principles, and all his writings, liberally interpreted, are calculated either to amuse or edify his reader. We think it was sometime in the year 1772, that Joseph Baretti, a most accomplished Scholar, the friend of Burke, of Reynolds, of Goldsmith, and of Johnson, and a man so remarkably skilled in the genius of the language of his own country, and that of England, that the *Doctus utriusque linguæ* of Horace might be most pertinently

applied to him, published a fine edition of the works of our author. Mr. Baretti was a man too honest and intrepid to conceal truth and to varnish error. He was moreover, in the strong sense of the term, a citizen of the world, and had no local prejudices, or any other prejudices, which could taint his Imagination, or bias his Judgment. Our Italian Editor, therefore, with perfect propriety, describes Machiavel as a character equally to be admired for his wisdom, his probity, and his ingenuity. Instead of defaming him as a crafty Florentine, with the temper of Tiberius, the dissimulation of Domitian, and the perfidy and baseness of Casa Borgia, he is justly described as an elegant author, a good subject, and a sound politician. His writings are as valuable as they are voluminous. He was no less conspicuous for his Industry, than for his Genius; and from his hardy temperament of body, joined to the intense application of his mind, his pages are as lively and vigorous as their author. His firm, undaunted, and robust spirit, is every-where visible. He was of a studious, steadfast, and stern temper. He was adorned with all the literature of the schools, and he was animated with all the spirit of a soldier. His surprising versatility of Genius was another admirable feature of his mind. He was not only profoundly skilled in History and Politics, but in the Art of War he appears versed to a degree which would not disgrace a Xenophon, a Polybius, or a Chevalier Folard. He was not like John Locke, a mere *theorist*, he was a *practical* Politician. His opinions are derived from an intimate acquaintance with the heart of man, and his mode of politically managing that wild animal evinces at once his wisdom, his penetration, his acuteness, and his address.

In the lighter departments of Literature, he is equally meritorious. He has bequeathed us a sort of jocose novel, the story of *Belphegor*, or the *Wedded Demon*, which, whether we consider it with respect to its rich vein of invention, the gayety and drollery of the thoughts, and the perfect elegance of the expression, not only challenges a comparison with any tale in Boccace, but, in the opinion of a correct judge, is incomparably superior to the productions of that facetious writer.

The life of Machiavel was now studious, now sedentary, and now active. At one time you find him in the cloister of the recluse, at another in the courts of Princes. He was alternately a writer for the Press, a Secretary to the Republic, and an Ambassador. He fathomed all the depths of that dark abyss, the human mind; and, by a dexterous use of the extraordinary talents, with which God and Nature had endued him, he bridled the spirits of the turbulent, and detected the machinations of the crafty.

We shall no longer detain the attention of our reader from the following interesting article, written precisely in the tone of our sentiments, and furnished us by a favourite friend, whose Genius, Literature, and Knowledge of life, enable him to indite essays *of the first impression*, in the language of My Lord Thurlow. To our valuable correspondent we should be unjust; nay, we should be unjust to merit itself, did we not avow our pleasure in the perusal of lucubrations, which, he may be assured, are not less pleasing to the Public, than to the

Editor.

Dum alii quoquo modo audita pro compertis habent, alii vera in contrarium vertunt, et gliscit utrumque posteritate.

Tacitus.

The name of Machiavelism has become the proverbial reproach against profligate policy. It is thus that fame seems to avenge itself on reputation. If those whom posterity admires, have sometimes lived in obscurity, the objects of applause often descend with their honours reversed, censured perhaps for imaginary offences, or stigmatized as criminals for what had gained them distinction. Of remote events and characters our information is indeed lamentably imperfect. But the world is always willing to supply by faith the deficiencies of knowledge. It is so much easier to believe than to doubt, so much more pleasant to reproach than to admire, that we rather acquiesce in some easy common conviction, than perplex ourselves with inquiry. At last the cool indifference of ignorance is called the impartiality of time, and fame is only the credulity of indolence. Thus has it happened, that the venal slave of power is extolled as the champion of a nation's freedom, nor is it the least wild vibration of opinion, that the crimes of tyrants are forever associated with the favorite and the ornament of a free republic. The cause of so strange a revolution is a fair object of curiosity, and if we cannot justify or excuse the offences of Macchiavelli, we shall at least be pardoned an attempt to retrieve the fallen character of a scholar and a statesman.

Niccolo Macchiavelli owes the obloquy which attends his memory, to a political work called The Prince, a small treatise, addressed to Lorenzo de Medici, the object of which may be defined, the means employed by a Prince to acquire or secure his authority. Now the artifices of government are not always to be reconciled with morality; and the world has visited on Macchiavelli himself, the reproaches, which are justly due to the vitious maxims he enumerates. The Prince, say its enemies, has taught how to usurp and to maintain power; it attempts to prove that everything is justifiable which tends to ones own aggrandizement; and that, for this purpose, the duties of religion may be violated, and deceit, and treachery, and perjury, and bloodshed, employed with impunity. The man, they add, who can support such principles, is a monster of iniquity, the common enemy of heaven and of mankind. We do not mean to defend the obnoxious maxims of the Prince; were it even possible, it would still be superfluous, to vindicate what the author himself did not intend to justify. But we may calmly attempt to prove, that the objects of Macchiavelli have been strangely misinterpreted; that in developing the secrets of despotic policy, he meant, not to teach, but to warn; and that by revealing the

arts which tyrants have used, and will forever use, he has left an honourable monument of his genius, and a useful lesson to the world. The reasons which lead to this opinion, may be chiefly drawn from the work itself; from the character of the man; the situation of the times; the uniform tenor of his other writings; and the opinions entertained by his cotemporaries, as well as many of the most distinguished scholars since his time.

That Macchiavelli did not intend to paint from fancy a model for Princes, may be safely inferred from many parts of "The Prince" itself. When, for instance, he speaks of securing a newly acquired province, by extinguishing the blood of its former Princes;* when he says, the only way of safely possessing a free state, added to your empire, is to ruin it;† it is difficult to believe, that he meant gravely to inculcate maxims so revolting. There is indeed strong evidence for asserting, that the treatise was actually presented to Clement VII, under the title of *The Tyrant.* But exclusive of this, after dividing principalities into hereditary, and new,‡ he adds,§ that the first are the easier to be preserved, since a natural Prince has less reason, and less necessity to offend; but "*in new Principalities*," he says, "*is the difficulty.*"‖ Of Ecclesiastical governments, he has not the rashness and presumption to speak.** So that all the exceptionable maxims apply to *new princes*, those who in different ways have risen to power, which they are anxious to secure. That he considered new Princes as synonimous with Tyrants, would also appear, because, when, in another work,†† he is describing the arts of a government absolutely arbitrary and unjust, he only makes a compendium of the Prince. It is of such conduct, that he declares‡‡ "these are means most cruel and hostile, not only to every Christian, but every human mode of living, which every man should shun, and rather live a private man than be a king at the expense of such destruction." "A *new Prince*," adds he, "in a city or province, which he has taken, should make everything new," the very course which he had already called, in contradistinction to moderate and just government, tyrannical, for "he who would wish to acquire absolute authority, which by authors is called *tyranny*, should make everything new."§§ From the Prince may be selected passages which sufficiently show the author's opinions of the very doctrines he is accused of propagating. "I say that every prince should desire to be considered mild, and not cruel, though he should guard against the abuse of mildness;"‖‖ "every one knows how laudable it is for a Prince

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* Ch. 3. † Ch. 5. ‡ Ch. 1. § Ch. 2. ‖ Ch. 3. ** Ch. 11.
†† Discourses, Lib. 1. ch. 26, and 27. ‡‡ Disc. ch. 26. §§ Disc. ch. 25
‖‖ Prince ch. 17.

to preserve good faith, and live with integrity, and not with cunning,"* though many have succeeded by perfidy; "it cannot be called virtue to murder one's citizens, betray one's friends, be without faith, pity, or religion; by these means empire may be obtained, but not glory."† But above all should be cited, that declaration, which introduces the most obnoxious part of the book, where he says‡ that many have written from fancy, and made imaginary republics, but as he intended to write what should be useful, he thought best to represent the real truth of things, rather than anything fictitious. A remark which sufficiently protests against the purity of principles, which he professes only to describe.

But the whole mass of his writings vindicate him from any share in the guilt of the principles. The literary works of a man, whose engagements do not often allow the quiet years of revisal, must be judged with delicacy; his fixed opinions are not to be collected from detached sentences or essays; but when the moral principles of a writer are assailed, sound criticism, as well as the urbanity of scholars will reject a partial conclusion from insulated portions, and decide by the general tenor, the uniform character of his writings. Without this forbearance, which does not aspire to the name of liberality, the fame of no writer is secure, since who has not lived to regret what want or vanity or ardor has obtruded on the world. Let Macchiavelli then be judged by the spirit of all his productions, and if the maxims of The Prince directly contradict the deliberate sentiments of all his works, both before and after its composition, we may safely conclude, that they are not his own. Let all his works then defend him.

His reverence for religious governments, which, he says, "are the most secure and happy," The Prince itself attests.§ In his Discourses,‖ he declares, that religion is the fundamental basis of every well-governed state, and ascribes to the corruption and contempt of Christian worship, the deplorable condition of Italy: "There can be no greater sign," says he "of the ruin of a province than the contempt of Divine Worship." And again, "were this religion maintained by the Princes of the Christian republic, as it was ordained by the giver of it, the Christian states and republics would be much more united and happy, than they now are." In speaking of Italy, "this country" says he, "has lost all devotion, all religion, and infinite disorders are the consequence, for as where there is religion, we presume there is every blessing; so where it is wanting, we presume every evil." It would be difficult to select passages more explicit, from the writings of any moralist. Elsewhere, he ascribes to Christianity, the introduction of the law of nations, the mild treatment

* Ch. 18. † Ch. 8. ‡ Prince, ch. 15. § Ch. 11. ‖ Lib. 1. ch. 12.

of prisoners, and the diminution of the distresses of war. The great Cosmo is applauded for declaring, that, though he had built many temples, and done many acts of charity, yet he never could spend enough in honour of God, to acquit himself of his obligations to him.* When he asserts, that a soldier should above all things prize the fear of God, since in none is it more natural, than in one, who, surrounded by dangers, has constant need of his protection;† when he piously commemorates the kindness of Providence, in saving Tuscany from the ruin, which menaced it;‡ when he deplores the indecent violation of religious institutions, by the Duke of Milan's Court, while visiting Florence;§ these constant uniform declarations should absolve him from the imputation of impiety. Nor do his writings less completely defend him from the charge of propagating immorality. If in the Prince, where he is describing a profligate government, immoral doctrines appear, his own opinions are shown in other productions, where the mention of such doctrines was not necessary to the description. When in The Prince he explains the arts of treachery and deception, he does not fail, elsewhere, to render homage to truth, and to civil as well as political integrity. "Although"‖ says he, "the use of fraud is in every action detestable, yet in war it is laudable and glorious, and he who conquers his enemy by fraud is as praiseworthy, as he who subdues him by force," and then adds, "I do not mean that the fraud which makes you violate faith when it is pledged, or treaties made, is glorious, because this although it may sometimes acquire you states and kingdoms can never render you glorious." Indeed it seems to be the object of The Prince to explain, not what is laudable and glorious, but the means by which states and kingdoms are in fact acquired, or preserved. If in The Prince he says,** it is better to be feared than loved, if you cannot be both, yet in his history†† after examining the methods in which power should be exercised in republics and monarchies; he concludes, that in a republic, the liberty of the people requires that public officers should be severe, but that a prince should prefer affability and mildness, and humanity, and inspire both soldiers and people with obedience and love. If some parts of The Prince seem to incite or excuse bad monarchs, his praise of virtuous characters, and the detestation he expresses against tyrants, are much fairer expressions of his feelings. In the first class may be placed, his eulogium on the great Theodoric,‡‡ whose conduct offers nothing to reproach, but the death of Bœtheus and Simmachus, and this he is very far from justifying or excusing by any reasons of state policy, such as the world has

* Hist. Book. 7. † Preface to Art of War. ‡ Hist. B. 6.
§ Hist. B. 6. ‖ Disc. B. 3. ch. 40. ** Ch. 17. †† Ch. 19, 20,—1,—2.
‡‡ Hist. B. 1.

imputed to Macchiavelli. So too, the pleasure with which he dwells on the characters of John, and Cosmo de Medici,* distinguished for their greatness of mind, and their virtuous attachment to their country. On the other hand, may be seen the just indignation which he exhibits against the tyranny of the Duke of Athens,† the violence and corruption of the Florentine government,‡ the revenge of Orlandini,§ the treachery of the king of Naples,‖ with many other examples. His praise of Cæsar Borgia has been fiercely objected to him. It is true that in The Prince he has mentioned the successful deceptions of Alexander VI;** and he has proposed Borgia as the *freshest example* for one who among other objects desires *to make friends, or secure himself from enemies; conquer by force or fraud, destroy those who can or ought to offend him;* and innovate on the old establishments.†† Yet if this be praise it is abundantly qualified by the emphatic language, in which both are condemned in the 1st Decennale, where Alexander is represented with his three attendants:

Lussuria, Simonia, e Crudeltate.

And the misfortunes of Borgia described as,

..... la soma,
Che meritava un ribellante a Cristo.

But that part of his writings which seems most conclusive in his favour, is the 10th chapter of the Discourses, a passage which were it found in any writer less obnoxious than Macchiavelli, would be admired as a concise and elegant defence of honest policy. The title of the chapter is, that "in proportion as the founders of a kingdom, or a republic, are praiseworthy, so are those of a tyranny reproachable." After enumerating the foundation and the degrees of merit among mankind; "on the other hand," he adds, "are infamous and detestable, those who destroy religion, who dissipate kingdoms and republics, the enemies of virtue, of letters, and of every other art, useful or honourable to the human race; such as, the impious, the ignorant, the violent, the idle, the vile, &c. There is indeed no one, who if the choice of the two qualities of men were offered to him, would not praise what is laudable, and blame what is unworthy. Yet almost all, deceived by a false good, or a false glory, suffer themselves to fall, either through intention, or ignorance, into the ranks of those, who deserve rather censure than praise. Thus while, to their immortal honour, they might have formed a republic, or a kingdom, they turn towards a tyranny, and deserting the path of fame, of glory, of

* Hist. B. 4 and 5. † Ib. B. 2. ‡ Ib. B. 3. § Ib. B. 5 and 6.
‖ Ib. B. 7. ** Ch. 18. †† Ch. 7.

honour, and security, they thus run into infamy, reproach, blame, and anger, and inquietude." He then proceeds to show, how history will inform us, that the best, and the greatest men in private, are more to be admired than bad princes; that though servile writers might exalt the name of Cæsar, yet the advocates of freedom, do not fail to place Brutus beyond him; that the good Princes of Rome, the Trajans, and the Antonines, were more secure, as well as more happy, than the Caligulas, and the Neros. After thus drawing from history the best proofs of virtuous government, he concludes, "that all to whom heaven has given the power to reform a corrupted state, should remember, that there are two paths before them; one by which they may live securely, and after their death become glorious; the other by which, during life, they shall be in constant anxieties, and leave behind them eternal infamy." It is difficult to persuade ourselves that we are reading an author, who the world suppose the advocate of the most criminal policy. An additional test of his purity is, that an epitome of his political maxims, taken in substance, and even literally from his works, disposed in regular chapters under the title of "The Mind of a Statesman," was published at Rome in 1771, under the eyes of the Papal Court, who gave it a solemn and public approbation. Such is the value of names. Had they deemed it so reprehensible they would have felt the inclination, and they did not want the power, to suppress it.

If the private character of an author be permitted to illustrate his writings, it is difficult to suppose Macchiavelli the advocate of despotism. He had long and faithfully served his native Republic. Nearly fourteen years he had been its Secretary, and the important missions he filled, the four embassies to France, two to Germany, two to Rome, two to Vienna, with others of less importance, sufficiently prove his zeal, his abilities, and the confidence of the state. At the head of the young Republicans, who frequented the Rucellai gardens, he was notoriously a partisan of freedom. It was for their use that he wrote the Discourses on Livy, full of sound maxims of government, and tinctured with all the notions of freedom which the history of Rome is calculated to inspire. Could he be the teacher of arbitrary tyrants? He had been driven from office, he had been tortured, for a real or supposed conspiracy against the Medici. Could he seriously instruct this same family, how to destroy the very freedom for which he had suffered? When applied to by Leo the 10th, to remedy the disasters of the state, he recommended a plan of government, which, while it might flatter the pride of the Medici, would have established substantially the liberty of Florence, and which was (perhaps for that very reason) rejected. Could this same man, when but recently before he wrote The Prince, have intended to overturn that liberty? In 1573, when his grandsons

were about publishing his works, they appealed to the memory of many, who knew him and could attest his piety and his exemplary observance of religious duties. Should he be lightly charged as the propagator of impiety?

But Macchiavelli has not always laboured under such heavy imputations; and it may not perhaps be a useless task, to trace back the steps by which his character has reached us. The works of Macchiavelli were first printed in 1531. They were prohibited by Paul IV, in 1559, by Pius IV, in 1564, and still stand on the list of proscription. Already, however, cardinal Pole, and Catarino, a Dominican, had attacked them, and since their time there have not been wanting zealous enemies, from the pious Jesuits of Ingolstadt, who courageously burnt him in effigy, to Voltaire and Frederic, the philosopher who vindicated morals and religion, the King who practised a pure and meek system of politics.

In opposition to all this it may be boldly asserted, that Macchiavelli had been consulted by Leo X; that Clement VII, who must have known him as the author of The Prince, not only employed him, but accepted the dedication of his History, and gave permission to publish his works, among which was expressly The Prince. The friend therefore of two Popes, and tolerated by their successors, it was not till the progress of the reformation had alarmed the Court of Rome, that it followed the example of Charles V, and made a fastidious proscription which included Macchiavelli. It is needless to inquire how far the influence of his literary antagonist cardinal Pole, contributed to this disgrace, nor to mention that the list of Pius IV, called that of the Council of Trent, was but a literal copy of the first. But it is important to know, that in 1572, a committee of Cardinals appointed to revise the list, gave Macchiavelli's grandsons the liberty of purging and printing his works. That the corrections intended were chiefly of parts in which the author speaks too freely of the Popes, appears by a letter from the grandsons themselves; and the Bishop of Reggio, in a letter written on the occasion from Rome, expresses his pleasure that Macchiavelli is not held in disrepute, and that the *office* had no complaint against him. The project however failed, because the Cardinals, for a reason not known, wished the work to be published under some other name than that of Macchiavelli. The attack too, of Possevino, a Jesuit, which appeared about that time, may have contributed to its suppression. If then the papal government has condemned Macchiavelli merely through inattention, their censure is worthy of but little consideration, if, from a knowledge of his principles, the censure of a despotic court is no mean proof that they are not the principles of tyranny.

If the opinions of those who knew his character, his views, and what would probably be the spirit of his writings, should influence our judgment, Macchiavelli is not without support. In a letter still extant, Buonnacorsi, his companion, praises highly The Prince, and even his enemy, Cardinal Pole, says, that he found the citizens of Florence under a persuasion that The Prince was the representation of a tyranny, which the author had thus designedly exposed to detestation.

But Macchiavelli may be also defended by that argument so soothing to the apathy of the human mind—the opinions of others, which powerfully assist in forming our own. The dry enumeration of names is perhaps the humblest office of letters; but the force of public sentiment is best controlled by opposing to it the opinions of those whom it is accustomed to respect. Alberico Gentile considers Macchiavelli as a favourer of freedom and a bitter enemy of tyrants. "His object* was," says he, "not to instruct a tyrant, but by developing his secrets, to exhibit him naked and conspicuous to the suffering people, whom it was his purpose to inform under an appearance of general learning." Boccalini† views his work as a collection of political precepts, drawn from the actions of some Princes, whom it might have cost him his life to name, and regrets, that while the inventor of such a political system, is unmolested, he who merely describes it is denounced, that the original should be sacred while the copy is execrated, and while the study of history may make every man a Macchiavelli. It was his object, observes Count Gaspar Scioppio,‡ to describe a tyrant hostile to his country, and thus excite indignation against him, and by explaining his arts prevent them. For this purpose he pretends to be desirous of serving them, by showing the means by which they may acquire power. Yet he sometimes hints that he is restrained by fear of personal danger from a free avowal of his sentiments. Naudeus says that Macchiavelli "painted Princes as they are generally discovered to be."‖ Balthazar Scuppio elegantly observes, "a most discerning observer of human profligacy, a most open witness, and a too ingenuous describer of it, was Macchiavelli of Florence. He candidly spoke what many other politicians not only feel and perfectly believe, but what, all their lives, they practise. Yet the unfortunate Macchiavelli is abused by all. As the Cyropædia of Xenophon is not a faithful history, but a model of just government; so on the other hand, Macchiavelli has described some Princes of Italy, whose god was money, whose will was law, whose guide ambition, whose art rashness, whose rule

* De Legationibus, ch. 9.
† Boccalini Centuria 1, Ragguaglio 89.
‡ Pædia Politices, p. 32.
‖ Bibliographia Politica, p. 88.

custom, not as they should be, but as they were."* Wiquefort says that he "has shown what Princes do, not what they ought to do, and if principles hostile to religion are sometimes advanced, he does it to show how tyrants avail themselves of them, and not how lawful Princes should use them."† Rousseau asserts that "pretending to give lessons to Kings, he has given better lessons to the people. The Prince is the code of Republicans." ‡"Every time," says Linguet, "that I look at the works of this great genius, I cannot conceive the reason of his having fallen into such disrepute. I much doubt whether his greatest enemies be not those who have not read his works, or those who have most abused his maxims. The first calumniate him through prejudice; the second, because he has too clearly revealed their cruel policy."‖ "We owe thanks," says Lord Bacon,§ "to Macchiavelli and such writers, who have, openly and without dissembling, shown what men usually do, not what they ought to do." "I rejoice," observes Gray, "when I see Macchiavel defended or illustrated, who to me appears one of the wisest men that any nation in any age has produced."¶ To this may be added the tardy justice which his native city has rendered to him. Among the monuments which adorn the church of Santa Croce, there is one whose inscription, after mentioning the name of Macchiavelli, concludes with, "*Tanto nomini nullum par elogium.*" The opinions of these distinguished writers may assist us in discovering the real intentions of Macchiavelli. Yet after all, we are perhaps ascribing to him motives very unnecessarily. Is there anything improbable in the opinion, that he may have written his treatise without any particular views? He was a man of letters, and the motives which urge the pen of a writer are not always bounded by any immediate prospect. He had been a statesman, he had mingled much with the world, and he might for fame, for the information of others, for his own amusement, have occupied his leisure with the description of what he had seen. In fact, there is scarcely any maxim of The Prince, which is not expressly illustrated by the conduct of some distinguished personage of his day, or may not clearly, though obliquely, be referred to it. Of the wayward, profligate politics, which caused, and accompanied, and followed the commotions of Italy, he was a profound observer. From the accession of Alexander VI, he had seen his country in almost continual warfare. The latent claims to the crown of Naples, perhaps the stronger persuasion of Ludovico Sforza, seduced the King of France into a ruinous expedition to the south of Italy. He expelled the legitimate sovereign.

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* Disserto de Opinione. † L'Ambassadeur et ses Fonctions.
‡ Soc. Cont. B. 3, ch. 3. ‖ Prelim. Dis. to the Theory of Civil Law.
§ De Aug. Sci. B. 7. ¶ Gray's Works, vol. 4.

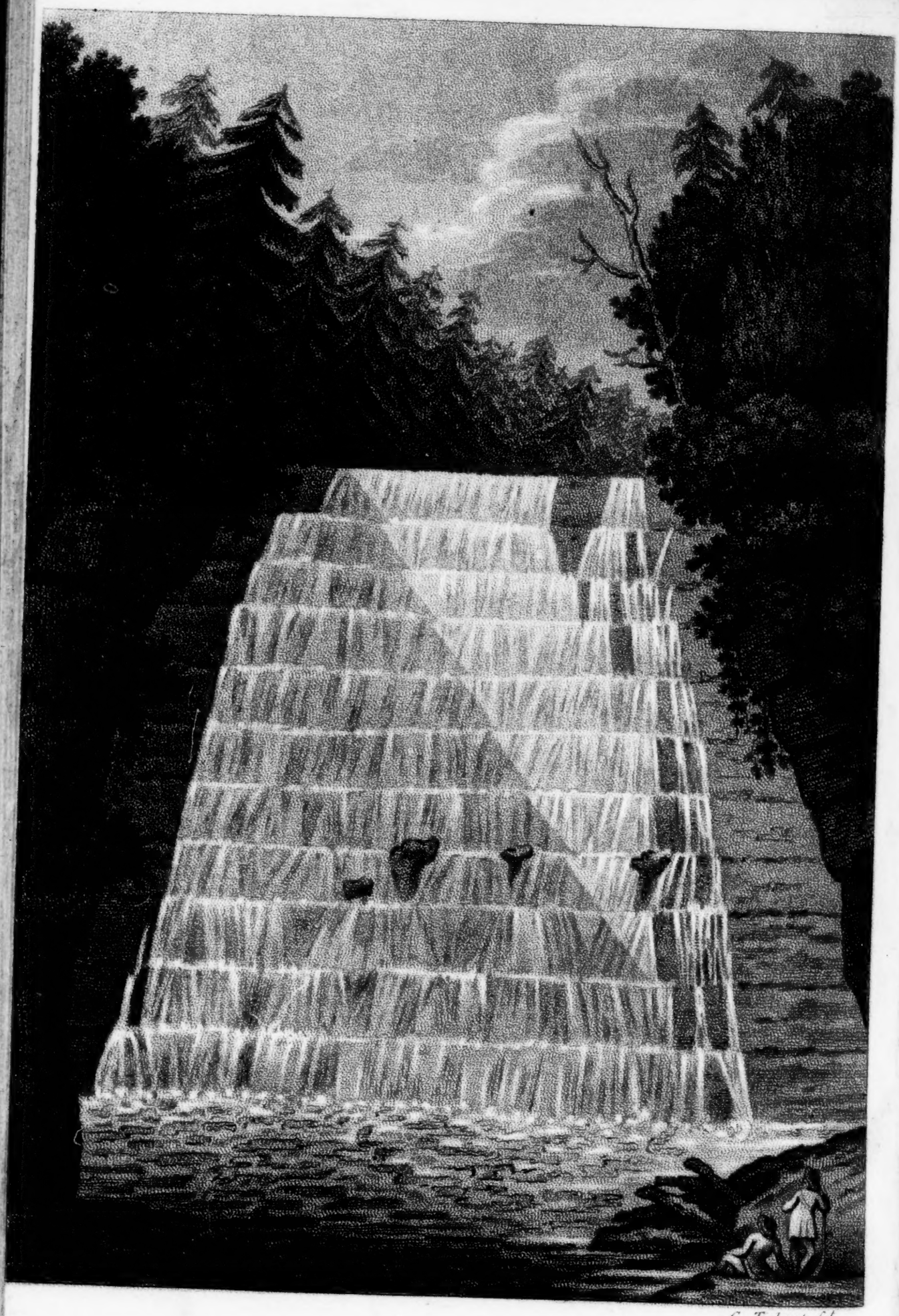
But the hollow friendship or the fears which had opened his passage, conspired against his retreat, and Spain, and Milan, and Venice, and Rome, and even Sforza himself, became his adversaries. He escaped from Italy, whose soil he had overturned, to whom he had brought disease and ravage, whose politics he had poisoned, and bearing with him nothing but the perfidious alliance of Sforza, who had alternately courted and betrayed him. That war had scarcely ceased, when a new coalition brought a new war; and the soldiers of this last had just breathed, when the league of Cambray again put Italy into commotion. It seemed to subside; but the expedition of Louis XII against Milan, succeeded by a new confederacy, disturbed its repose, which was afterwards again alarmed by the attack of Maximilian. While such were the prominent features of Italian policy, its expression was fiercely marked by the passions of civil war. Naples vibrated between the arms of France and Spain. The Pontiffs held a loose and dangerous dominion over Nobles, who sullenly obeyed, or perfidiously opposed their authority. Urbino was lost in the storm. The Medici were expelled from Florence; four times they attempted to regain their power; and while the state wavered or trembled before the conflicting partisans, Pisa urged against her a long and fruitless war to recover its sovereignty. The usurpation of Sforza covered Milan with blood and treachery and desolation, and Borgia seemed restless while there lived a Prince whom he had not conquered or betrayed. The spirit of private vengeance rivalled the genius of public profligacy. A Cardinal of Pavia assassinated in the streets by an enemy, with impunity, may represent the state of private morals, and the atrocious partition of Naples by France and Spain, has since then stood a solitary monument of national perfidy till our own times have supplied its companion.

Such were the men who surrounded Macchiavelli; such the models of that system which he knew deeply, and described faithfully. His work, therefore, might have been a mere historical satire, without the merit of exposing despotism or the guilt of recommending it. But if we must ascribe to him some immediate view, this conclusion seems at once most charitable and most probable. In his Discourses, he describes how a Republic may be formed and preserved. His Prince seems designed to show the means of acquiring and securing a tyranny, and as, in his Memoir, he apparently gave Leo the means of establishing himself, yet really secured the freedom of the State, so in the Prince, while he seems to explain the means of acquiring despotic power, he in fact develops the methods of opposing it. It may be said that he might, and ought to have expressed his detestation of the principles while he announces them. But in the first place, if his intention was to mislead, any clearer intimation than he does give of his real sentiments, would have destroyed the illusion. In the second

place, he is describing a conduct obviously corrupt, he is drawing a picture essentially bloody; his colouring must therefore be suited to the subject, and he who blames Macchiavelli because the virtuous sentiments of The Discourses are not found in The Prince, might reproach Guido Reni for not having painted his ethereal figure of Fortune on the same canvas with his Massacre of the Innocents. Besides that, he himself hints, that it might have been dangerous to express his opinions freely. "A certain Prince," says he, "of these times, whom it is not well to name (il quale non e bene nominare) always preaches," &c. What, however, appears to be the chief source of misapprehension, is, that in the midst of these bad principles are occasionally given the soundest maxims of policy, the enumeration of which seems to confound the good with the profligate. But if Macchiavelli undertook to delineate a bad Prince, the truth of history, the consistency of character, obliged him to write thus. The most profligate Prince that ever wore a crown must often act honestly, or his empire is lost. Such is the homage which vice itself is obliged to pay to honour, that even crime finds safety behind the mask of virtue. A government which should uniformly defy the rules of good faith and honesty, would perish in its own corruption. The virtues adhere to and strengthen each other, but the vices are completely centrifugal, and a faithless government undermines itself while it betrays others. When Plato assumes the easy useless task of describing a fictitious republic, he finds no difficulty in making good characters which exist only in fancy, nor in prescribing rules of government perfectly just and perfectly impracticable. When Aristotle,* a much more acute politician, describes the causes of revolutions, and the means by which different governments support themselves, he states, with a precision which to some appears to detract from the originality of the Florentine, the vices, and the deceptions by which tyrants maintain their power. When Macchiavelli with greater depth and detail pursues the same inquiry, he is forced to show that if tyrants do violate some of the great moral rules of duty, their very existence requires that they must often feel the reality or possess the resemblance of virtue.

But whatever were his views, the merits of his works are to be appreciated by their effect on society. His particular interests, his own purposes, if he had any in the composition, have long since perished with him, and to posterity nothing has survived but the clear exposition, the lucid image of the vices and the artifices of tyrants. Far from teaching the means of oppression, such a development can only serve to alarm society for its safety. It is indeed questionable, whether a despot was ever formed by study, since the power which lifts him beyond control, secures the passions from the approach of abstract specu-

* Aristotle, Politics, particularly. B. 5.



C. Tiebout sc.

THE CASCADE,

Luzerne County, Pennsylvania.

lation. The advice which might influence would be whispered by obsequious counsellors. But to publish the secret movements of despotism, is to reveal its atrocity; to show how tyrants govern, is to invite mankind to detest, or instruct them to oppose usurpation.

Σ.

SKETCHES OF AMERICAN SCENERY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CASCADE CREEK unites itself with the Susquehanna about a mile to the south of that part of the northern boundary line of Pennsylvania, through which the river passes on its first entrance into this State. The Creek is, in general, rapid, and derives its name from a fine Cascade of about sixty feet in height, of which we have given a sketch. This is about half a mile above the mouth of the Creek, the banks or cliffs of which are so abrupt on both sides, that the inquisitive traveller is obliged to wade a considerable part of the way in the water, before he can reach the Cascade, the beauty of which will amply reward his toil. At this place the rock is composed of horizontal strata of great regularity, over which the water, catching in its descent, falls in a broken sheet of foam. The banks of the Creek, above the Cascade, are skirted with the hemloc spruce, (Pinus-Abies Americana) which, though a tree of little value for its timber, adds greatly, in the painter's eye, to the picturesque beauty of the scene.

R. H. R.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANALYSIS OF ANTONY'S SPEECH.—No. I.

THAT "too much familiarity begets contempt," has long been received as a sound maxim in the business of social intercourse; and Goldsmith justly recommends a certain degree of ceremonious respect even among the most intimate friends. The principle of this sentiment extends itself over every thing that is the object of pleasure or pain; of desire or aversion. Whatever we become familiar with loses, by a con-

stant and unrestrained use, the stronger features of its character, and ceases to produce either the gratifications or disgusts, the reverence or contempt at first excited by it. Calculating on this principle of our nature, governments, the most tyrannical, and systems of religion, the most odious and absurd, have, in various ages, wrapt themselves in the holiness of mystery, and maintained an empire by distance and concealment, which would have been dissipated by the power of light. It is our misfortune, that not only bad things discover their deformities by a near approach to them, but the good also lose the respect which is due to them, by becoming too cheap and common. How much of the wisdom and sublimity spread over the pages of the Scriptures is disregarded and lost by the abuse of them in schools? How much is the reverence they should always command banished, by daily seeing their leaves strewed over the floor of a school-room, and trampled upon with wanton indifference? The finest combinations of language, the very offspring of inspiration, become irrecoverably degraded in our estimation, when they come first to our knowledge from the lips of stammering children, or the mouthing of a pedagogue, incapable of perceiving, enjoying, or communicating their excellence.

In order to exercise and improve boys in the *art of speaking*, collections, of celebrated passages, have been made, with great taste too, from the most eminent writers in our language. Shakspeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope have each undergone this torture; and, if they could now take a peep into a grammar school, at morning recitations, they would be exceedingly amused or enraged, as the humour of the moment might be. The tutor, with scrupulous attention, directs his instructions to a careful observance of the *stops*. Mind, boys—count *one* at a comma; *one*, *two*, at a semicolon, and so on; and this is called the *Art of Speaking:* but as to the sentiment conveyed, or the genius displayed by the author, as they are to be scanned by no rule of grammar, it comes not within the duty of the teacher to understand or communicate them. A boy thus acquires a habit of reading and repeating the most sublime compositions, with no other object than to fix the words in his memory, and mark the artificial divisions of their parts, without discovering or seeking their beauties, or feeling their power. If he does not say,

"My name is Norval on the Grampion hills,"

it is only because he sees a stop after Norval, and not because it would be absurd to read it so, even if the stop were not there; and thus he is taught. For should he read it as above, his teacher would probably correct him by drawing his attention to the stop, and not by showing him what nonsense he had made of it. The mischief does not end here. However crude and premature the opinion thus formed of a composition must

be, it is very apt to take a strong hold of the mind, and prevent an examination into its real merit when the judgment becomes more matured, and the taste more refined. This, indeed, is not the case with those who afterwards give a particular attention to literary pursuits; but such are a small portion of the schools.

Among the numerous selections thus made for school-boy elocution, no one is in more constant use than "*Antony's speech over the body of Caesar.*" It is a universal favourite; and "Friends, Romans, and Countrymen" has been declaimed, in every variety of tone and emphasis, from the lisping baby of six years old, to the most blundering booby of a country school. It is impossible to devest this admirable pearl of genius of its beauty and interest by any want of skill in reciting it; yet there is nothing in our language which requires more discrimination, more power and exquisite taste to display all its excellence, and give its full effect. The consummate art, covered by apparent plainness and simplicity; the force of feeling raised upon common objects, resorting more to the memory than the imagination of the hearers, and overwhelming their hearts while affecting only to recal familiar facts to their recollection, and in short, the combination and essence of every ingredient that constitutes true eloquence and renders it irresistible, justly entitles this speech to the first place in the first rank of oratorical excellence. There is, I think, no oration, ancient or modern, that possesses so entirely all the powers of persuasion; and when we see within how small a compass they are contained, how great should be our admiration!

From the common use that has been made of this oration, I presume, on the principles already stated, that its excellence is not properly estimated; and that many who freely give it their applause, have not been at the pains to examine its beauties in detail, and analyse its merit with critical attention. I propose to make an attempt of this sort; not with the presumptuous hope of unfolding all its claims to admiration; but, by some observations and illustrations, to lead the scholars of Shakspeare into a habit of minutely examining, not this speech only, but every distinguished production of the immortal bard. Before I enter upon the Analysis of the Speech of Antony, let us look back, a moment, to his situation at the time it was delivered. In the life of Caesar, Antony had stood in the first rank of his friends; and although his abominable licentiousness and debauchery, sometimes drew upon him mortifying testimonies of Caesar's displeasure, yet his confidence in the talents and unshaken friendship of Antony, seems never to have been diminished. In the battle which gave to Caesar the empire of the world, the post of Antony was next in importance to that of Caesar, and his conduct justified the trust. A knowledge of this mutual regard induced some of the conspirators, when marking their victims, to insist upon the fate of Antony. But Brutus, partly, perhaps, from the gene-

rosity of his nature, and partly from his underrating the ability of Antony, who, he said, was "but a limb of Caesar," and would lose all its power when the head was cut off; and who was

— "given
To sports, to wildness, and much company,"

prevailed upon his companions to spare him. We should indeed be inclined to charge the conspirators with singular indiscretion in allowing any oration to be pronounced in honour of the man they had just assassinated; and particularly in permitting a man of Antony's eloquence, "so well beloved of Caesar," to be the orator. The bodies of men thus disposed of are usually hurried out of the way with insult and indignity. The poet, however, needs no defence on this subject. He stands on historical truth; for although Antony never made *such* a speech, it is certain, that, when Caesar's body was exposed in the forum, he addressed the people on the subject of his death, and so powerfully too as to exasperate their passions to the highest pitch. Neither is it unaccountable that this honour should have been allowed to the corpse of Caesar. Brutus, who headed and controlled the gang, was very desirous of being considered a gentleman assassin in this business; and as he really admired and loved Caesar, and felt not the envy and malignity of Casca, he was unwilling that any indignity should be offered to the body of his murdered benefactor, or any customary mark of respect withheld.

"Caesar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies."

A funeral oration delivered by some distinguished citizen, was considered by the Romans an honour of the first importance and dignity. Pliny, the younger, speaking of the death of Virginius Rufus, one of the most fortunate and illustrious Romans of the age, who had even refused the crown, says, "the Consul, Cornelius Tacitus, pronounced his funeral oration; and thus the series of his felicities was completed by the public applause of a most eloquent orator."

To secure himself, however entirely, in granting this indulgence, Brutus makes his conditions with Antony, that he shall declare he speaks by permission of the conspirators; that he shall say nothing to blame them, but "speak all the good he could devise of Caesar."

When the execrable murder of Caesar was accomplished under the names of *Peace*, *Liberty*, *Freedom*, the usual cant of demagogues, in all ages, to cover their ambition and crimes, Antony, in the general consternation, fled to his house; but came forth upon a promise from Brutus that he should be satisfied as to the cause of Caesar's death,

and "depart untouched." Tell me if all the writings of moralists and divines contain anything that strikes deeper into the heart; anything better calculated to sink the proudest into humility, and show to the mightiest the vanity of all their painful labours, the end of all their power, than the exclamation of Antony upon his first view of the lifeless body of Caesar:

> "O mighty Caesar! dost thou lie so low?
> Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
> *Shrunk to this little measure?* Fare thee well."

He then, in an admirable strain of ambiguous sarcasm, and guarded eulogium of Caesar, begs if

> "These choice and master spirits of the age,"

intend to take his life, they will do it at once, with those swords

> "made rich
> "With the most noble blood of all the world,"

and

> "Whilst their purple hands do reek and smoke."

Being assured of his safety, he shakes hands with these "master spirits," still pursuing the same strain of cutting reflections. He requests that he may

> "Produce the body in the market-place,
> And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
> Speak in the order of his funeral."

Brutus instantly promises that he shall, though opposed by Casca. It is agreed that Brutus shall first address the people in justification of the conspirators; and that Antony shall then pronounce the funeral eulogium, under the restrictions already mentioned. After this arrangement is made, Brutus proceeds to the market-place, leaving Antony to follow with the corpse.

I shall be pardoned for concluding this number with the address made by Antony to the body of his friend. It is full of pathos and horror.

> O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
> That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
> Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,
> That ever lived in the tide of times.
> Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
> Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips,
> To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Caesar's spirit raging for revenge,
With Até by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall, in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havoc*, and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial."

The Germans, imitated by the English, have, of late, exercised their imaginations, in framing Tales and Ballads, overflowing with images of horror and disgust. But all of them together do not furnish a specimen equal with that just recited. Can anything of this kind exceed the idea of

"Carrion men, groaning for burial."

H.

(*From The Athenaeum.*)

MILITARY CHARACTER OF DIFFERENT NATIONS.

THE FRENCH.

THE French soldiers are quick, and attack with incredible rapidity; they retreat with the same rapidity, return to the charge with unabated impetuosity, and again as quickly retire. During their retreat they retain the greatest composure, and when they lose ground are not disheartened. The death of their officers produces no confusion among them. When the commanding officer falls, the next to him assumes his place, and so in succession. The inferior officers are almost all qualified to command.

The French soldier is accustomed to live in a requisitionary country sometimes as a prince and sometimes as a *sans culotte*. To make him perform his duty well, uniformity in living is not requisite.

A strong *esprit de corps** prevails among the French troops. In the beginning of the revolution their bond of union was republican fanaticism; at the conclusion of it *la Grande Nation.*

Their infantry of the line cannot be compared with the Russian; their cavalry is very inferior to the Hungarian; and their artillery, once the best in Europe, is far from being equal to the Austrian; but their light infantry, or their *tirailleurs*, and their new tactics, confound all the principles of the military art which have prevailed since the time of Frederic the Great.

Austria has scarcely any light infantry; Russia has about twenty thousand; but in the French armies nearly one-third of the infantry are *tirailleurs.* These take post before the troops of the line, separate into different small bodies, unite again, attack, and, after being ten times repulsed, will attack again. In a broken rugged country these *tirailleurs* prepare the way to the French for that victory which the infantry of the line completes. The incredible quickness of the French renders this corps the best of its kind in Europe.

All the principles of the new French tactics are calculated for a broken intersected country, as the old tactics were for large plains. The object of the former is to exhaust the enemy by incessant skirmishes, when he is so imprudent as to attack the light-heeled Frenchman with his whole force. These flying bodies suffer themselves to be driven back the whole day, and towards evening a fresh body appears and decides the contest. A battle with the French may begin at sunrise, but it will not be terminated before the evening. The French troops may be beat during the day, but at night they will be the victors. Every general who does not spare his strength till the evening, must in the end be defeated by the French.

In consequence of the quickness and composure of the French soldiers, they do not readily think of surrendering; and they are able, in a manner peculiar to them alone, to extricate themselves from dangerous situations. We have seen instances where a thousand French soldiers after contending the whole day with a much larger body of the enemy, have disappeared at night like a vapour. The corps, when hard pressed, divides itself into two or three bodies, and while one occupies the enemy in an advantageous position, the other remains quiet at some distance. As soon as the first is driven back, they all run with incredible velocity, and in tolerably good order, to the place where the other is at rest. The second knows pretty exactly how long the first

* This word cannot well be translated into English. It may not improperly be defined, a laudable spirit of ambition, which produces peculiar attachment to any particular corps, company, or service.

was able to make a stand, and with the same impetuosity rushes on the enemy, who find themselves suddenly checked in their career by fresh troops, who must also be repulsed. In the meantime the first body are recovering from their fatigue; and in this manner they continue to act the whole day, with considerable loss of men indeed; but when night puts an end to the battle, the corps at any rate has not been beaten, and next morning to follow it would be fruitless. Moreau was pursued for some days in Switzerland by the Russians, but they were never able to come up with him in his flight. Towards evening he had taken a strong position, and next morning had disappeared.

But this activity must not be confounded with durable strength. The French are the lightest, but not the strongest soldiers.

The medical establishment of the French army is excellent, and their officers in general exceedingly good.

—

Austrians.

The German troops are slow in their attack, indifferent in battle, and slow in their retreat. They leave behind them the most prisoners, because the French make their escape, and the Russians will suffer themselves to be cut to pieces rather than run from their post.

Irresolute, heavy, and without a spirit of union, they are inclined to surrender when alarmed on several points at once. Their usual expression is, "We are cut off;" The report spreads like wild-fire, and the next word is, "We must surrender." We have several instances of large bodies of Austrians having been taken prisoners by much smaller bodies of French troops in mountainous districts, when small detachments made their appearace on different sides at the same time. On such occasions the Austrians see their error when it is too late to correct it.

When the drum beats to arms to attack the enemy, it is not unusual for the Austrian soldiers to call out in a grumbling tone, "We have not yet cooked our victuals." An Austrian soldier, before he can fight, must eat and drink regularly. The Austrian troops, therefore, are treated with a care which is not found in other armies.

But that these German troops might be excited to greater activity, has been proved by their campaigns in conjunction with the Russians. They never remained behind, and always showed the same perseverance; but they were much slower in their movements.

The case with the Hungarian regiments is quite different. They are much livelier, and have a great deal of martial spirit, with a high sense of national honour; and, on that account, will never lay aside their long pantaloons. Should any one give them boots, they would desert by hundreds to any enemy who would permit them to wear their

favourite dress. Their officers are for the most part Hungarians. That they have a propensity to plundering cannot be denied.

No cavalry are better than the Hungarian. They ride as well as the Turks, and are disciplined in the same manner as those of the most civilized nations in Europe. The French cavalry are inferior to them, but the Russian approaches very near to them, and are capable of making head against them.

There are no better artillery-men than the Austrians. This corps, by experience during long and difficult sieges of the strongest places in Europe, has been brought to the highest degree of perfection. To each gun is attached a fire-worker, and he knows his cannon as well as the Arab does his horse. Two hundred Austrian cannon will play the whole day without the least confusion, and never in vain. Seldom does the fire-worker fail in his duty. All the sieges under Suworof were conducted by Austrian artillery-men.

In a word, their *etat-major*, or *etat des quarter-maitres*, called in Russia their suite, is excellent. Men such as Chateler, Zach, and Weinrotter, do honour to their country. The last-mentioned, as lieutenant-colonel, conducted the Russians through Switzerland. On account of the skill displayed on this occasion, he was offered a commission in the Russian service, with the rank of major-general; and had Alexander been on the throne he would certainly have accepted it. His services were acknowledged in his own country, and he soon rose, a very rare instance in Austria, to be a major-general: such is the respect paid to men of merit in this corps.

Young men of condition are very averse to serve long in the lower ranks of superior officers. They endeavour, therefore, to get into the *etat major* of this corps, and remain in it till they find an opportunity of returning to the army as officers on the staff. The consequence of this is, that the staff officers are men of great information, and distinguish themselves very advantageously in the corps of superior officers.

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Russians.

When Russians attack, they must either conquer or die. With skilful manœuvres or able retreats they are unacquainted. They know only to go forwards, but never backwards. A Russian soldier in his flight is the most helpless animal in the world. This state to him is so unnatural, that he does not know in what manner to help himself; and this is often a very great defect.

The Russian soldiers are quicker than the Austrian, without having the activity of the French, or their composure in flight. Their impetuous desire to push forwards, combined with their inexhaustible strength,

their *esprit de corps*, and belief in predestination, make the Russian troops of the line the best infantry in the world, when they have to fight in large plains.

The Russian soldiers, distinguished from those of every other nation by religion, language, and habits, possess a great deal of national honour. Formerly the name of St. Nicholas was capable of performing wonders. At present the word *Naschi*, "Our countrymen," has succeeded it. The wonders that can be effected by this word are astonishing. The Russian advances to battle with great indifference; but as soon as the first Russian falls, he is heard to exclaim, "A countryman, General! let us attack;" and on such occassions it is often difficult to restrain him.

The Russian soldiers have a firm belief in predestination. When danger is mentioned to them, their usual reply is, "We cannot obtain a victory, unless God has so decreed;" and under this conviction they expose themselves with resignation to certain destruction. Their idea is, "We cannot avoid death at the time and place appointed for us; and if it be not appointed at present, no bullet will touch us."

What the Russians are in a particular manner distinguished for is, their inexhaustible strength. They are, without doubt, the hardiest soldiers in the world. Suworof, who well knew this quality of his troops, always fell upon the French with his whole force, without suffering them to rest. The French, therefore, found themselves much mistaken when they imagined that they could tire out the Russians by long continued skirmishes. They gained nothing by the strength of their troops of the line, which they prudently spared, nor had they any time to assemble and take rest. In the campaign in Italy in the year 1799, the French soldiers, under the command of Scherer, had lost a great deal of their courage; the Austrians had opened the campaign with success, and when Suworof came up he carried every thing before him like a torrent. Moreau was unable to withstand his force, though his army had been much weakened by the garrisons he was obliged to leave behind him. Suworof committed the care of sieges to the Austrians, and advanced so rapidly forwards with the Russians, that the French army, weakened and disheartened, could no longer make a stand. Thus the Russians swept every thing before them, till Moreau had retired behind the mountains of Genoa. Here he conceived a plan which was worthy of his genius, and which nothing could have defeated but the inexhaustible strength of the Russians. Mecdonald drew all the troops from Naples, and having collected his whole force at Bologna, entertained a hope that he should thus be able to place the Russians, who had taken post at Turin, between two fires. But Suworof marched from Turin at six in the evening, reached Alexandria next day by eleven, marched again at six in the evening, and on the third day was

twelve miles from Piacenza, where his advanced guard attacked the French, whom the Austrian generals Ott and Klenau, who had been between Bologna and Farrara, were driving before them. The Russian troops, which had marched every day upwards of forty-five miles, and which had actually the appearance of *sans culottes*, were immediately led into action. A most bloody conflict began, which was renewed next day, and which terminated in the dispersion of Macdonald's army. This, however, was only half the business. The Russians marched back with the same rapidity, in order to meet Moreau, who was approaching Turin. Moreau then retreated once more to the Genoese mountains, formed a junction with the remains of Macdonald's army, and, in order to achieve something decisive, fought the battle of Novi, where the Russians, who formed the centre, penetrated three times to the bottom of the impassable mountains, which were planted with heavy cannon brought from Genoa. Such marches and exploits could be performed in the warm climate of Italy only by Russians.

The Russian soldier cooks his victuals when he can, and has no definitive time for eating or sleeping. A Russian is always awake upon duty, and always sleeps when he has leisure, and wherever he may be. This is seen daily in the case of watchmen and servants. He requires less than an individual of any other nation, and is less expense in the field.

The Russian soldiers formerly were accustomed not to give or to receive quarter, and this practice they followed in their wars with the Turks. The Turks are not Christians, and those who are not Christians, according to their idea, are not men. In this belief they cut down their prisoners, and even massacred their women. In the Turkish wars, also, too many prisoners were a burden to them. In Italy the case was different: the French were Christians, or at least better Christains than the Turks; the Russians, therefore, were desirous to preserve their prisoners, because they knew where they could dispose of them, and because the number of them increased the courage of the soldiers. The Russian soldiers showed no cruelty towards them; they took from them whatever they had, and suffered them to retire behind the front line.

Being accustomed to carry on war in deserts, and not in requisitionary countries, a Russian army is attended by a much greater number of waggons than any other; but they are so light, and there are so many workmen in the army, that these carriages can be easily repaired; and in general they do not impede the rapid progress of the troops.

There are two great nations which seem destined to carry on war in open level districts, such as Wallachia and Moldavia. As men, the Turks are a very noble race; their belief in fatalism, their national pride, and the intoxicating use of opium, give them more than human

strength in an attack. The greater part of their troops consists of cavalry; they are excellent horsemen, and the horse is accustomed to fight for his rider. The charge of these cavalry can be checked only by destruction, that is, a well-directed fire of musketry; and it requires much coolness to stand before them and suffer them to advance to the necessary distance. If the Turks break through this barrier of fire, there is no restraining them; it is needless to think of rallying again or of flight. Their progress is every-where marked with death. But if their line be broke by the musketry, if the least wavering takes place in their movement, the Russian line advances with fixed bayonets, and the battle in a very short time is decided. A battle with the Turks may be begun a little before night, and yet ended the same evening; whereas a battle with the French will continue the whole day, and be scarcely decided at a late hour at night.

(*From The Cabinet.*)

Madame Villacerfe was a French lady of noble family, dignified character, and unblemished life, whose death was distinguished by a greatness of mind, not usual in her sex, and when we consider *all* its circumstances, unequalled by the most renowned heroes of antiquity.

The short history of this excellent woman, is, I believe, generally known, and will probably be recognized by many of my readers, but she is so striking an example of Christian fortitude, philosophic suffering, generous forbearance, and angelic love, without the least alloy of vanity, selfishness, or sensuality, that the affecting narrative cannot be dwelt on too long, nor repeated too often.

An early, a mutual affection, had taken place between the subject of our present article, and Festeau, an eminent surgeon of Paris; but from the insurmountable obstacles which in those days (1700) so strictly guarded superior rank, all further intercourse was prevented than animated civilities, when opportunities offered, and soft but secret wishes.

The lover would have perished, rather than by a rash proceeding, degrade the object of his affections in the eyes of her family and the world; and his mistress, taught by love, the omnipotent leveller of all distinctions, though she felt too powerfully the merit of Festeau, who, in the scale of unprejudiced reason, far outweighed a thousand pretenders to frivolous accomplishment and superficial attainment; she nobly resolved

> To quit the object of no common choice
> In mild submission to stern Duty's voice,
> The much-loved man with all his claims resign,
> And sacrifice delight at Duty's shrine.

Several years passed in this honourable contest with the passions; in which duty and honour triumphed over wild wishes, and selfish appetites. Madame Villacerfe, from an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but not to her bed, was, by the prescription of a physician, ordered to be bled.

Festeau, as surgeon to the family, being sent for, his countenance as he entered the room, proved the state of his mind. After gently touching her pulse, and a few professional questions, in a low voice, he prepared for the operation, by tucking up that part of a loose dress which covered her arm: an interesting business to a man who had long laboured with the most ardent attachment to his lovely patient, whose illness infused an irresistible softness over her features, and lighted up the embers of an affection, suppressed, but never extinguished.

Pressing the vein, in order to render it more prominent, he was observed to be seized with a sudden tremor, and to change his colour: this circumstance was mentioned to the lady, not without a fear, that it might prevent his bleeding her with his usual dexterity. On her observing, with a smile, that she confided entirely in Festeau's skill, and was sure he had no inclination to do her an injury, he appeared to recover himself, and smiling, or forcing a smile, proceeded to his work, which was no sooner performed, than he cried out, "I am the most unfortunate man alive, I have opened an artery instead of a vein."

It is not easy to describe his distraction, or her composure; in less than three days, the state of her arm, in consequence of the accident, rendered amputation necessary, when so far from using her unhappy surgeon with the peevish resentment of a little mind, she requested of him not to be absent from any consultation on the treatment of her case, and ordered her will to be made.

After her arm was taken off, symptoms appearing, which convinced Festeau and his associates, that less than twenty-four hours would terminate the existence of one who was an ornament to her sex; the voice, the looks, the anguish of her lover, as well as her own feelings convinced her of the solemn truth.

This opinion, her earnest and solemn entreaties, on a death ded, not to be disregarded, obliged her friends to confirm, and a few hours before that awful moment, which none escape, and which bold bad men only *affect* to despise, after desiring the attendants to leave the chamber, Madame Villacerfe addressed her disconsolate surgeon in the following words:

"You give me inexpressible concern for the sorrow in which I see you overwhelmed, notwithstanding your kind efforts to conceal it. I am removing—to all intents and purposes, I am removed from human life and all that relates to it, it is therefore highly incumbent on me to begin to think and act like one wholly unconcerned in it.

"I feel not the least resentment or displeasure on the present occasion. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; I regard you

rather as a benefactor, who have hastened my enterance into a blessed immortality.

"But the world may look on the accident, which, on your account alone, I can call unfortunate, and mention it to your disadvantage; I have therefore provided, in my will, against every thing you may have to dread from the ill-will, the prejudices, or the selfish misrepresentation of mankind."

This pattern for Christians, this example for heroes, soon after expired. A judicial sentence, devoting his fortune to confiscation, and his body to exquisite tortures, could not have produced keener sensations of misery and horror, than Festeau felt during her address, which was an emanation of celestial benignity, an anticipating revelation, a divine ray from the spirit of that God who inspired and loved her, and in whose presence she was shortly to triumph and adore.

But when he contemplated her exalted goodness and unparalleled magnanimity in suffering pain and mortal agonies, inflicted by an unhappy man, who, of all others, loved and doated on her most; when he saw her dying look, and heard that groan which is repeated no more, sick of the world, dispirited with human life and its pursuits, angry beyond forgiveness with himself, he sunk into the settled gloom and long melancholy of despair.

This is one of the many instances in which a little forethought, and a small share of prudence, would have prevented much serious evil, and irretrievable calamity. As it was impossible that Madame Villacerfe's relations could be entirely strangers to the partiality of Monsieur Festeau, they should industriously have prevented all intercourse between the young people.

The agitated frame and deranged appearance of her lover, observed previous to the catastrosphe, by a gentleman nearly related to the lady, and from whose letter I derive the materials of my narrative, pointed him out as the most improper man for medical or surgical assistance, which requires coolness, dexterity, a steady hand, and a collected mind.

In the sudden and disastrous accidents to which human life is, on every side, and at every moment, exposed, it will frequently be found, that those connected to us by the nearest ties of blood, friendship, or affection, are often, by those very circumstances, disqualified from affording us prompt and effectual relief.

The fond mother, whose infant is a constant source of toil, which only a mother would willingly submit to, and of delight, which all must envy, on seeing it suddenly spring from her arms into a deep and rapid stream, would probably sink to the ground in a fainting fit, or an hysteric convulsion; thus would she be rendered, by the ardor of affection and the violence of her feelings, wholly unable to snatch her child from death.

A bystander, perhaps a reprobate and a scoundrel, uninfluenced by philanthropy, love, or a sense of duty, and amply repaid by half a crown, would, with all his senses about him, directly plunge in, and, a stranger to the unmanageable ecstasies of a mother, restore the darling to her arms.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ESSAY ON THE NATURE AND USE OF WINE.

WHEN in the consumption of this article, it is considered that for every dozen of pure Wine, there is perhaps a pipe, or fifty times this quantity of adulterated and sophisticated wine drunk, the whole without exception, the source of a thousand disorders, and in many instances very active poison, but superficially disguised; it would appear that the blind infatuation which confirms so many in the habit of hard drinking, arises less from a natural love of bestiality, than an ignorance of the real nature, and pernicious effects of forty nine parts out of fifty of the wines which are used; and particularly in those countries where the climate and soil are not congenial to the vine, a circumstance which in a great measure enslaves the taste of the community to the arbitrary will of the Wine Merchant, and secures his flagitious arts from detection.

A plain intelligible essay on this subject may be greatly advantageous to the rising generation, and useful to all those who are determined to prefer Health, to a life chequered with pain and disorder.

Parents should not content themselves with simply endeavouring to deter their children from wines, and strong liquors, by telling them that they are bad for them, and that drunkenness is a vice: they should begin by informing them that the greater part of wines are *poisoned* to make them agreeable, and confirm them in this belief by pointing out to them instances, which are not wanting in any town, where excesses of this nature are invariably punished with the complete destruction of health, and the contempt of society. With these physical and moral guards few would err, for we are content with knowing what things are poisonous, without the most curious experimentalist among us, wishing to try their effects upon himself.

Wine is a compound juice, whose principal ingredients are, *water*, *alcohol*, or the pure spirit of brandy, and *sugar*.

To these may be added, *extractive colouring matter*, which gives to each kind, and particular red, its peculiar colour. *Tannin*, or the principle of astringency. *Tartar*, which is a chymical salt; and an *Aromatic Oil*, upon which the high flavour chiefly depends.

The quality of any wine is formed from a mixture of all these ingredients; the absence of one or more of them; and the proportion in which its component parts are blended together.

The juice of the grape simply expressed, does not intoxicate; it must first undergo fermentation, in which process, one of its principal component parts, *sugar*, is decomposed, and alcohol is formed, which is the basis of all spirituous liquors: it then becomes wine. The *carbonic acid*, or fixed air, which escapes, is the other component part of

sugar: when it is preserved in a proper manner, wines possess that brisk, sparking quality, which distinguish ciders, and the wines of *Champagne*, and *Asti*, in Piedmont,

In some wines there is more sugar than is necessary to be decomposed, and hence we have sweet wines. Others possess a large portion of *tannin* and *tartar*, and become astringent, such as red, and particularly *Port* wines.

Wines when drank new are not so palatable, or wholesome as when kept till their ingredients are properly blended, and associated in such a manner, as to give them that mellow and unctuous quality, which recommends them so much, and perhaps are never better than when six years old: spirituous wines, such as Madeira, and Port, are here meant. If kept too long in the cask, they impoverish, and imbibe qualities from the wood, foreign to them. If in the bottle, they depose at last too great a portion of their constituent parts; a new chymical change is operated; and generally they undergo an alteration much to the disadvantage of good wines. They should be kept in a moderate temperature, to give them all the advantages of their natural excellence, for if they are placed in too cold an atmosphere, they will lose a great part of the heat necessary to their preservation, and must receive an additional warmth before drinking, which destroys in some measure the elasticity of their flavour, and renders them insipid: if kept in too high a temperament the vessels will sometimes burst, or a new fermentation will take place, and they will turn sour.

It is for the purpose of counterfeiting these distinguishing qualities in wines, that Wine Merchants have recourse to ingredients totally foreign to their nature. Bad tart white wines are changed into red, by the aid of sumach, logwood, and various berries: sugar of lead, and absorbent earths, are added to take up the excess of acid, and make them sweeter. Brandy is distilled over galangal, cardamum, and strong spices to give them strength and pungency. The leaves of deleterious plants, which are very pernicious, are used to impart an artificial flavour. These diabolical cordials when they have attained a proper colour and clearness, are mixed with ciders and real wines, according to the conscience and avarice of the Wine Merchant.

Of all these ingredients the leaves of deleterious plants to impart flavor, and the preparations of lead to sweeten sour wines, are the worst; every glass is *poison*, and an habitual use of them produces head-aches, pains in the stomach, and cough in the first instance: afterwards *dry colics*, *palsy*, *convulsion*, and *death*. Instances may be adduced where Wine Merchants have confessed on their death-bed, that they have seen hundreds of their customers die victims to the poisons which had been sold to them. White Wines of an uncommonly high colour, or new Red Wines of a very light colour, having a woody,

or tart taste, deposing a red sediment, are adulterated and dyed: it may be discovered by passing them through filtering paper, as the dying matter will stain the paper. White Wines very high coloured, or of an unknown high flavour may be justly suspected of adulteration: this is generally done with burnt sugar, raisins, coloured brandies, &c.

But the most dangerous to the public, and the most profitable adulterations to the Wine Merchant, are those preparations of lead, whereby spoiled sour wines are made sweet, and which operate as slow poisons: these may be known by a sweet taste, succeeded by an astringent one; occasion *heat* and *thirst*; *contractions* in the *throat*, &c. To detect these, tests must be had recourse to, which betray the presence of any metallic particles, either by changing the colour of the liquor, or precipitating the metallic preparation.

Various wine-tests may be found in Chymical Treatises: in Park's Chymical Catechism there is a very good one made with oyster shells, &c.: The following is by a German professor:

One drachm of the dry liver of sulphur,
Two drachms Cream of Tartar,

shake them well in two oz. distilled water, till completely saturated with hepatic: filter it through blotting paper, and keep it in a close-stopped phial. In a small glass of the suspected wine, pour from fifteen to twenty drops of this liquor: if the wine turns black, or a darker colour, altogether or partially; if it has at first a sweet, and then an astringent taste, it is surely poisoned with some preparation of lead, but above all if it turn thick, in white gray clouds. If the colour resemble pale ink, it arises from iron: if the wine be impregnated with copper or verdigris, a blackish gray sediment will be deposed: this is the case sometimes owing to the brass cocks through which wine is made to pass.

Sulphur is put into wines to make them keep, but if they are surcharged with it, the effects are very unwholesome; its presence may be detected by turning a piece of silver black. Quick-lime is frequently used to give to burgundy and claret, a ruby colour; gravel complaints are thereby produced.

Good old wines are undoubtedly an excellent cordial to the infirm and aged; and as they contain more or less vegetable acids, are a good antiseptic remedy in cases of putrid and malignant fevers. When taken in moderation it tends to increase the circulation of the fluids, and invigorate the functions of the body, as may be observed in the vivacity of the eyes, and the motion it produces. To children it should be given in very small quantities, as it accustoms the nerves of the stomach to an unnatural action, which disturbs the regular operations of nature. The best and most wholesome of wines, however, are highly prejudicial to

the health, when taken daily in large quantities; for they infallibly produce intoxication; and a very eminent Physician* has observed, that a tipsy man is in every respect, in the same state as one attacked by the apoplexy or palsy, and when intoxication has arrived at its utmost height, there is no longer any difference betwixt this and the true apoplexy. A drunken man staggers, his tongue loses its powers of speech, he stammers, sees things double, and moving in a circle: his mind is affected, and imbecility takes place; his blood is rarefied, the vessels are surcharged, and press violently on the brain; he falls without sensation; and should one of the small blood-vessels burst, which are unnaturally squeezing the brain, he dies in a fit of apoplexy, which he has wantonly brought on himself.

This consequence of excess clearly points out to us with what caution we should make use of the best wine. It may be salutiferous to the infirm and aged, and greatly beneficial in cases of mental depression, sedentary habits, and stagnations of the fluids, as Dr. Willich says, "not unlike Passion serving to rouse the mind, and Tempests to purify the atmosphere," yet it is not less true, that its effects are only momentaneous, acting as a stimulant, without possessing any real principles of constitutional strength; the majority of great wine-drinkers dying at a premature age, owing to relaxation and debility.

G. W. F.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MY POCKET BOOK—No. I.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A RIGHT pleasant wight in London, yclept George Canning, has highly amused and entertained the public, by a small volume, which he has styled "My Pocket Book," containing various memoranda to furnish materials for a ponderous quarto, calculated, among its other various uses, to promote the interests of three potent bodies of men, the paper-makers, the printers, and the booksellers. Inspired by such a laudable example, but without daring to lift mine eyes to so venerable a vehicle of amusement and information as a mighty quarto, I respectfully offer you, Sir, the contents of *my* pocket book, collected for

* Willich.

years from various sources, for the entertainment of such of your readers as may condescend to favour my lucubrations with a perusal.

When Belcour is accosted by Mrs. Fulmer, with the hacknied phrase, "a fine Summer's day, Sir," he replies, "yes, ma'am, and so cool, that if the calender did not call it July, I should swear it was January." In like manner, if the almanac did not inform me it would be an arrant misnomer, I should style my effusions "light Summer reading;" as I intend them to be light enough to suit the meridian of the sultriest climate under the line. You have abundance of grave and serious essayists, who toil over the midnight lamp for the public edification: and whose labours will reflect credit on your work, and be of service to the public. But as there must be a great diversity among your readers, it may not be improper to allow a small space to writers of a different description, who, like me, merely mean to skim the surface of things.

Names.

I have been often struck with the absurdity displayed by many parents in christening their children. However extravagant the idea may seem, it really appears as if they were unacquainted with, or did not consider what is the object of names, and that they are intended to distinguish one human being from another. This object is greatly neglected when Christian names of any particular kind are generally bestowed on persons of the same surname. When the surname is a very common one, as Taylor, Smith, Thompson, Johnson, &c. a very common Christian name, John, James, or Thomas, ought to be carefully avoided, as productive of inconvenience.

I have now before me the Philadelphia Directories, for 1796, 1798, and 1809, and the London Directory, for 1799; in the first, there are no less than seventeen John Smiths, nine Thomas Smiths, and ten John Thompsons. In the second, there are likewise seventeen John Smiths, seven Thomas Smiths, and eight John Thompsons. In the Directory for this year, there are twenty six John Smiths, eight Samuel Smiths, eighteen William Smiths, eight Thomas Smiths, and ten John Thompsons. In the London Directory, for 1799, there are fifty William Smiths, fifty-six Thomas Smiths, and no less than seventy John Smiths, exclusive of twenty-five J. Smiths, whom I pass over, as uncertain whether the abbreviated name is John, James, or Joseph. It is easy to conceive what numerous errors and disadvantages must arise from the confusion of these names; how many letters must go to persons for whom they were not intended; how many family secrets must in consequence be revealed; how many mistakes must take place respecting notes and debts; and how extremely difficult it must be to guard against these mistakes.

I have known two instances of persons of respectable characters in this city, who had the misfortune to be namesakes to two men notorious for characters of a contrary description. The iniquities of the latter were frequently visited very vexatiously on the heads of the former.

In some parts of New-England, where the paternal Christian name is perpetuated in the oldest son, and in the grandson, there is a mode of distinction, which I have never observed elsewhere. Instead of annexing senior and junior, as we do, they add 2d, to the son's name; and, when the grandson is grown up, they add to his name 3d. I have seen in a Connecticut paper, Jethro Allen, Jethro Allen 2d, and Jethro Allen 3d. This is a troublesome appendage, and arises from the absurd prejudice that so generally prevails with fathers to dignify their oldest sons with their own Christian names.

In certain parts of Maryland, there is a mode of distinction, peculiar, I believe, to that State. Where there are two persons of the same name, of different parents, they annex the paternal Christian name to the name of the son. Thus, William Hanson, of William, and William Hanson, of Frederic, mean, on supplying the ellipsis, William Hanson, son of William Hanson; and William Hanson, son of Frederic Hanson.

In the choice of Christian names there is a great diversity of tastes. Many persons, particularly in New-England, prefer the Old Testament names, which are now less fashionable than they were formerly. These have Asas, Abrahams, Jonathans, Jonadabs, Jehoshaphats, Solomons, Elijahs, Deborahs, Sarahs, and Ruths. Novel-reading ladies deal largely in a totally different class of names, of a romantic cast. They flourish away with Clelias, Cecilias, Henriettas, Wilhelminas, &c. Goldsmith had such ladies in view, when he so formally introduced to notice among his dramatis personæ, the all-accomplished and incomparable Lady Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs. Persons of plain common sense, choose among a large class of names, which fall not within the two above described, and are perhaps preferable to either. This class embraces the Georges, the Frederics, the Edwards, the Henrys, the Peters, the Charleses, the Williams, the Roberts, the Marias, the Elizas, the Ellens, &c. &c.

Sometime since, there were two persons in New-York, of the name of John Glover. Their letters were frequently and vexatiously delivered at cross purposes. They had an interview, to agree upon some distinction, to put an end to the inconvenience. They judged it eligible to insert a letter between the christian and surname. But, strange to tell, they chose the two letters least adapted for their purpose, of any in the alphabet. One wrote his name John G. Glover, and the

ther John J. Glover. The distinction on paper, it is true, is strongly enough marked.

In Philadelphia, we had a case some time since not very dissimilar. There were two persons of the name of John Jones, who were as much harassed by mistakes of letters, &c. as the Messrs. Glover. They adopted the distinction of John Jones M. and John M. Jones.

INTOXICATION.

To what an awful extent must the rage for ardent spirits have prevailed at one period in England, when the parliament was obliged to prohibit for twelve months the distillation of Gin! Smollet informs us, that there were at that time signs or show-boards, to the tippling houses, with this tariff of prices, "drunk for a penny—dead drunk for two pence—straw for nothing."

TITLES OF BOOKS.

Many a valuable work has been injured in its circulation, through the folly or affectation of the writer, in giving it a quaint name, not at all indicative of its contents. "The Diversions of Purley." Who could ever have supposed that this was a most elaborate philological work, probably the most valuable ever offered to the world? Surely no *human* being. One of the most interesting books I have ever read on Indian affairs, remained for a long time unnoticed and neglected, from the quaintness of its title. It is called "Indian Recreations." Numbers probably, as well as I, supposed it to be an account of the diversions of the Hindoos. Whereas, it is an account of their manners, customs, government, policy, and population; and possesses an uncommon degree of merit.

HUDIBRAS.

It is a pretty generally received opinion, that the four lines,

"The man who fights, and runs away,
"May live to fight another day:
"But he, that is in battle slain,
"Will never live to fight again:"

are a portion of the saving morality of the hero, Hudibras. I have known several wagers won and lost upon this subject. But I venture to assert, after a thorough examination of the volume, they are not to be found therein. It must be acknowledged, however, that they are among the most completely Hudibrastic lines that have ever been published.

Vicar of Wakefield.

It may seem like literary heresy, to call in question the excellence of such a popular and interesting work, as the Vicar of Wakefield. Yet it has always appeared to me liable to very strong objections, which militate against the judgment of the writer. That it has many uncommonly brilliant passages, elegant descriptions, and just and appropriate sentiments, is beyond a doubt. And what is of infinitely more importance, it is equally true, that the moral is excellent. But can the warmest admirer of Goldsmith deny that the character of Burchell is injudiciously drawn? that his conduct is radically wrong in one most important point, and in utter discordance with the beneficence ascribed to him? He sees a family, with whom he contemplates an alliance, beset by villainy of the most flagrant kind; and tamely looks on, when, by raising his little finger in their defence, he could have saved them from destruction, and crushed their oppressor to the earth. The letter which he writes to put them on their guard, is so studiedly ambiguous, that it did not require the arrant delusion under which the ill-fated family laboured, to interpret its contents entirely to the prejudice of the writer. Indeed this is by far the most obvious construction that any indifferent person would put upon it. And, when taxed with baseness, and perfidy of the vilest kind, he does not condescend to exculpate himself, but allows them to consider his guilt as tacitly admitted. He then departs, loaded with their detestation; and leaves the helpless and interesting victims to fall into the toils so artfully spread out to ensnare them. This is a radical error, and proves Goldsmith to have been extremely injudicious in the management of the plot of his tale. Other defects I may notice hereafter.

Theatre.

It excites surprise to see the great diversity of manners and customs, that prevails among people who have unceasing intercourse together, and who live not far distant from each other. Many of these diversities are observable between the citizens of New-York, and those of Philadelphia. Among the rest, some of the prescriptive customs of the theatre are widely different. In New-York, no female of any description whatever is ever seen in the pit. Here there are frequently to be found in the pit as many females as males. And I think, of one hundred of the former found in the pit, and the same number in the boxes, at least twenty might, without impropriety, change places; that is, there are to be found about a fifth in each of these two parts of the theatre, that are on a perfect equality. The regulation of Philadelphia is, I think, the more eligible; as the tendency of the New-

York mode is to narrow the circle of female amusements, and debar a portion of the women from the theatre altogether.

There is another regulation in the New-York Theatre, that places it on higher ground than that of Philadelphia. There is in the former, a place which custom appears to have appropriated for the votaries of Venus exclusively, at least so far, that no woman of decent character ever goes there. The frail ones are not allowed, as far as the prohibition is practicable, that is, as far as they are known, to intrude into the other parts of the house. In Philadelphia, on the contrary, unless seats are previously taken, a man is liable to have a Lais, a Phryne, or a Perditta, take a seat beside, or close behind his wife, or daughter, and offend their ears during the whole performance, with their gross conversation with young fellows, who appear to glory in their shame, by consorting thus publicly with these abandoned women. This is a sore grievance, and loudly calls for a remedy:

Woman.

Perhaps no language can produce a more elegant tribute paid to the fair sex, than that by Dr. Young, in "*The Force of Religion*," a Divine Poem, on the fate of the inestimable Lady Jane Gray,

"Virtue is beauty. But when charms of mind,
"With elegance of outward form are join'd;
"When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
"And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
"'Tis all below of heav'n we may view;
"And all but adoration is your due."

French and English Languages.

The genius of these two languages widely differs: each has its appropriate beauties, and each has strong defects. The French nation being more loquacious than the English, their language has of course been more highly polished for the purposes of conversation, than ours. Its greater variety of modification also, gives it a considerable advantage, in which the English, from the paucity of its inflexions, is highly deficient. But admitting all this, it cannot be denied, that the English is greatly superior in historical and philosophical writings, and in poetry. However, assuming for the English language every possible advantage, that can be claimed for it by the most zealous of its advocates, we must freely allow that Roscommon's couplet,

"The sterling bullion of one English line,
"Drawn to French wire, would through whole pages shine;"

was the quintessence of national folly, and bigotted prejudice.

CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Wordsworth's Poems.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH stands among the foremost of those English bards, who have mistaken silliness for simplicity; and, with a false and affected taste, filled their pages with the language of children and clowns. This we can pardon, where the author is incapable of better things; but in the midst of Wordsworth's addresses to Daisies, Small Celandines, Sky-Larks, Red-breasts, Cuckoos, and Butterflies, we find flashes of a poetic imagination, which excite our approbation.

The Affliction of Margaret expresses, in a pathetic manner, her maternal feelings.

The following lines in *The Seven Sisters*, or *The Solitude of Binnorie*, are very much in the style and manner of Walter Scott: (O si sic omnia!)

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,
And from the shores of Erin,
Across the wave, a Rover brave,
To Binnorie is steering:
Right onward to the Scottish strand
The gallant ship is borne;
And hark! the leader of the band
Hath blown his bugle horn.
Sing, mournfully, Oh! mournfully,
The solitude of Binnorie.

In consequence of the abundance of absurdity and insignificance in Wordsworth's Poems, when we find a few lines of real worth, we are obliged to read them twice or thrice before we are disposed to acknowledge their merit. We have perused the following *ter quaterque*, and commend them:

I travelled among unknown men,
In lands beyond the sea;
Nor, England! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire;

And she I cherished turned her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed
The bowers where Lucy strayed;
And thine is, too, the last green field
Which Lucy's eyes surveyed!

The *Address to the sons of the poet Burns* is good; particularly the last stanza:

Let no mean hope your souls enslave;
Be independent, generous, brave!
Your father such example gave
And such revere!
But be admonished by his grave,
And think and fear!

The lines entitled *The Green Linnet*, are sweetly descriptive of that delightful season

When birds, and butterflies, and flowers
Make all one band of paramours.

And the Linnet is drawn with a lightness of pencilling that would do credit to any master:

Upon yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perched in ecstasies,
Yet seeming still to hover;
There! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
That cover him all over.

While thus before my eyes he gleams,
A brother of the leaves he seems;
When, in a moment, forth he teems
His little song in gushes:
As if it pleased him to disdain
And mock the form which he did feign,
While he was dancing with the train
Of leaves, among the bushes.

It is refreshing to find mixing with the turbid pool, which stagnates at the foot of Parnassus, those

——— "little fountain cells,
With water clear as diamond spark."

And for the description of *The Green Linnet* we could almost excuse our author's tales of cloaks on a coach-wheel, blind highland boys in tubs, and notwithstanding his "*greater and lesser griefs*," again wade through the mire of the MOODS OF HIS OWN MIND.

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CRITICISM——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated.

GEORGE GORDON (Biron) Lord Biron, the author of these poems, had not, at the time of their appearance, completed his twentieth year. Many of them are written with spirit and force; and some with much sweetness. The critic will not read this volume without discovering some faults of versification, and some sins against grammar; but candour should induce him to glance lightly over these defects, in consideration of the youth of the poet. The following amatory stanzas exhibit a favourable specimen of his style.

TO ——

'Oh! had my Fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token,
These follies had not, then, been mine;
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

'To thee these early faults I owe,
To thee, the wise and old reproving;
They know my sins, but do not know,
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

'For, once, my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

'Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the blisses that await *him*;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate *him*.

'Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

'Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret *thee;*
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But Pride may teach me to forget *thee.*

'Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;
These varied loves, these matron's fears,
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures,

'If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek now pale from early riot,
With Passions hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

'Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before *thee:*
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore *thee.*

'But, now, I seek for other joys,—
To think, would drive my soul to madness,
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

'Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know, that thou art lost forever.'

The lines addressed to Lachin Y. Gair, are an affectionate tribute to the memory of his ancestors, and possess much merit.

'LACHIN Y. GAIR.

'LACHIN Y. GAIR, or as it is pronounced in the Erse, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly preeminent in the Northern Highlands, near

Invercauld. One of our modern Tourists, mentions it as the highest mountain perhaps in GREAT BRITAIN; be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime, and picturesque, amongst our "Caledonian Alps." Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows; near Lachin y. Gair, I spent some of the early part of my life, the recollection of which, has given birth to the following Stanzas.—

'Away, ye gay landscapes! ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks, where the snow flake reposes,
For still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yes Caledonia! belov'd are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war,
Though cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps, in infancy, wander'd,
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid*;
On chieftains, long perish'd, my memory ponder'd,
As daily I strode through the pine cover'd glade;
I sought not my home, till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For Fancy was cheer'd, by traditional story,
Disclos'd by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

"Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night rolling breath of the gale"
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my Fathers,
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr:

"Ill starred†, though brave, did no visions foreboding,
Tell you that Fate had forsaken your cause"

'* This word is erroneously pronounced PLAD, the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the Orthography.'

'† I allude here to my maternal ancestors, the "GORDONS," many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attach-

Ah! were you destin'd to die at Culloden ‡,
Victory crown'd not your fall with applause;
Still were your happy, in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan, in the caves of Braemar ||,
The Pibroch ¶ resounds, to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

'Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse, e'er I tread you again;
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain:
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic,
To one, who has rov'd on the mountains afar;
Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
The steep, frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr.'

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

AMONG the many pages of Theatrical criticism, which have been displayed to the public eye, I do not recollect any attempt to develop the fundamental principles of the Thespian art. In the following essay, I shall make an effort to display them; believing that however otherwise deficient, my hypothesis will at least have the merit of novelty. I have been principally incited to this exertion, by the desire of establishing the merit of a youthful votary of Thespis, to whom I am partial, in common with many whom I know to possess fancy, taste, and feeling.

Actors may in my opinion be divided into three classes, not that I conceive any actor exclusively to belong to either; but that the leading

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ment, to the STEWARTS. George, the 2d Earl of Huntley married the Princess Annabella Stewart, daughter of James the 1st of Scotland, and by her he left four sons; the 3d Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

'‡ Whether any perished in the Battle of Culloden, I am not certain; but as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, "pars pro toto."

'|| A Tract of the Highlands so called; there is also a Castle of Braemar.'

'¶ The Bagpipe.'

features of his performance, will be found to incline so much more to one line of acting, than to the other, as to justify the classification which I propose.

In the first class I place the original actor, or the poet of action, mimickry, and expression; who kindling with the spirit of his author, renews his fire; and losing his own character, in that which he assumes, yields to the magic power of fancy, and becomes no less transported by the pains and pleasures of fiction, than if they were real.

> "That in a fiction, and a dream of passion,
> Can force his soul so to his own conceit;
> That from her working all his vision wann'd,
> Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
> A broken voice, and his whole functions suiting,
> With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,
> For Hecuba.
> What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
> That he should weep for her?"

In the second class, I place the actor of taste, of study, and reflection, who diving with profound scrutiny into the meaning of his poet, attains a just conception of his part, and then for the means of doing it justice, by appropriate action, expression, and emphasis, turns the eye of contemplation towards the book of human nature.

Actors of the third class, devoid of the innate fire of the first, and deficient of the taste or penetration of the second, are at best but feeble imitators of both.

Learning theatrical performance as an art, as it is much more easy to mimic the peculiarity, than to imitate the beauty of good acting, they often copy the defects, but rarely reach the excellence of their masters. Unfortunately, however, to this class, we must consign the mass of the Thespian corps.

The little Roscius, who has of late excited so much attention in England, must be ranked with the first order; though it is highly probable, that in those parts where he might find nothing to enkindle his genius, he may have dwindled to the third. The immaturity of his age and education, would preclude him from much advantage by the route of the second, unless through the counsel of his seniors. Nothing but an innate warmth of feeling, or susceptibility to dramatic beauty, could have enabled one so very young to glow with the fire of the immortal Shakspeare. He must have felt with delicacy or ardour, every fictitious incident of the drama, and nature had endowed him with talents of action, emphasis, and expression, which were worthy of his feelings.

When in the character of Norval, he acted with so much success, I can easily conceive him to have forgotten that he was not the injured offspring of a nobleman, degraded to the humility of a shepherd.

The celebrated Cooper in my view, leans very much to the class of natural or poetical actors. At the period of his first appearance on the American stage, he seemed to rely too much on his natural powers; but he appears since to have improved very much, by the route of taste, study, and reflection. In the heroic, the proud, or the terrible, he appears to most advantage. In scenes of love, or of refined sentiment, or tenderness, he is less successful: they appear less congenial with his feelings.

The talents of another great performer, appear to place him rather with the second, than with the first order. Destined originally for the church, Fennel appears to be much indebted to the very handsome attainments generally attached to the clerical profession, for that success in dramatic performance, which he has since so eminently attained. His delineations of the characters in Shakspeare, at an early period drew many a lover of polite literature to his recitations. Among these as an actor, he has always had many warm admirers; though Cooper has ever swayed the crowd. The errors of the latter, being on the side of vehemence, have a brilliancy which captivates and deludes the multitude, who can judge better of the energy, than of the correctness of feeling. The errors of the former being of the opposite cast, are palliated in the views of men of taste, because though sometimes cold, he is never incorrect; and though he does not always feel his part, he rarely misunderstands it. When he cannot feel, assuming no bad substitute, he becomes tame. Cooper is never tame, but rants when he cannot feel. The one sometimes disappoints the ardor of the many, the other no less often offends the judgment of the few. Those who had listened to the critique of Fennel on the character of Macbeth: in the outset of this part, while by the poet he is still represented as heroic and virtuous, were displeased to behold him personated by Cooper with the lowering aspect of a villain: whence the effect of that change of demeanour, which constitutes an indispensable feature in the acting of this piece, was irrecoverably lost.* But all who had heard Cooper

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* This observation was made many years ago. It is probable that, improved by reflection, Cooper may now represent this part differently.

* This criticism may appear to clash with the opinion of a lively, ingenious, and elegant writer in the last number of The Port Folio, who considers Macbeth as a villain from the first. It seems to me, however, that on this point, there is room only for a nominal difference.

If to be free from guilt, and to have done much good, be virtuous: Macbeth is virtuous, at the outset of the play. If to be open to seduction

roaring in Richard, were chilled by the feebler efforts of Fennel; when he ventured to assume that boisterous character.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

This exclamation amid the din of battle, would of course be uttered by every actor of ordinary judgment, with as much vehemence as possible. To Cooper's stentorian superiority, we may then attribute the superior effect of his vociferation, in uttering these words.

But in giving vent to the following, he seemed truly inspired with the thundering spirit of the tempestuous Richard.

A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed: Strike I say.—

The din of warlike instruments excited by this furious mandate, are finely contrasted with the possible violence of an angry man. Indeed Richard seems conscious of this, for no sooner does the noise cease, than he proceeds, as if desirous to prolong or emulate the clamour.

Either be patient, and entreat me fair;
Or with the clamorous report of war,
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

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is to be vitious, Macbeth is vitious from the first. But men who are unconsciously liable to seduction, will carry themselves as nobly as those who are more firm, and with looks no less innocent. This is sufficient to justify my critique: but I will further take the liberty to remark, that an unusual abhorrence of vice, and a still more inordinate fondness for power, are the predominating principles in the character of Macbeth. Forced on evil conceptions by the one, he is invariably checked by the other; which with the aid of religion, and other considerations which may be allowed to come in to the assistance of virtue, would finally have preponderated, had not female seduction been thrown into the opposite scale. Perhaps I may be permitted jocosely to add, that against this, no son of Adam has any hereditary right to deem himself secure; and more especially our chivalric author, who has drawn forth these remarks.

The following lines finely display the horror excited by the idea of a crime in the mind of Macbeth. He could not thus regard vice, without abhorring it.

Why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man, that function
Is smothered in surmise.

In the last scene of Othello, when this noble-minded hero is sunk into the jealous murdering husband, the struggle between his former sense of elevation, and present sense of misery and guilt, are by the poet, it is well known, admirably depicted. The first paroxysms of rage and remorse having subsided, he appears to sink into that gloomy despair, which soon terminates in suicide. In this mood, he, the once high-minded, haughty Othello, stoops plaintively to inquire of his cruel enemy, the motive of his villainy.

> Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
> Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?

These words were expressed by Fennel with his usual energy of emphasis; so as neither to excite censure nor applause. But Cooper, as if forgetful of the previous dignity of his character, uttered this sentence with the querulous accent of piercing agony: his knees bending under him and knocking against each other, as if borne down by the accumulated pressure of misery and guilt.

Every attentive spectator was then made to feel how much the elevated hero was lost in the heart-broken culprit.

> Oh now, forever,
> Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
> Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
> That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
> The royal banner; and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
> And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
> Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

It cannot be necessary that I should call into view any actor of the third order: nor would it be agreeable to my feelings to do so; but there are enough of them before the public.

There are, however, on our stage, several who lean to the first and second classes, though with the exception of Mrs. Wilmot, none are comparable to the actors whom I have above cited.

Having now sufficiently illustrated my theory, I shall conclude by an analysis of the performance of Mr. Wood and Master Barret. The former of these appears less endowed even than Fennel, with the innate fire of Thespis. If he ever kindles, it is in the comic scene. In tragedy, he is purely of the second order. He has no doubt derived advantage from the examples afforded by Fennel and Cooper; but this does not degrade him to the third class; for he never descends to a servile imitation of tones and gestures: a folly which is too conspicu-

ous in some others. He may have studied their excellence as he has that of his poet, with a view to obtain a just conception of the principles of good acting: but he does not mimic their peculiarities. Hence his style of acting is original; and though Nature has forbidden him to attain the highest rank as a tragedian, in comedy she has enabled him to attain great excellence. In no character has he been more successful than in that which, of all others, is the most difficult to assume, I mean the character of a gentleman; in which he always appears to be at home, whether on the stage or in the social circle.

Master Barret is undeniably among those, who have undergone a theatrical apprenticeship. But this has been the effect of accident, not of necessity: for nature has in my view, placed him among actors of the primary order. His education and age, preclude him from any affinity to the second class; and consequently, when not borne aloft by his native fire, he must dwindle to the third. This may account for the different impressions, made by his acting. He cannot feel all characters; nor perhaps every part of any character: and when not inspired by fancy or feeling, he cannot as yet find adequate aid, in study, or reflection.

The powers of his voice, and the energy of his action, are limited by the delicacy of his constitution, and the immaturity of his age. Of course those who expect the vehemence of Cooper, will be disappointed: nor agreeably to what I have stated above, can those be gratified, who look for the classical elegance, and correctness of Fennell. The excellence of our juvenile performer, lies in the vivacity, the correctness, and strength of his feelings. In the character of Norval, he excites much apprehension in the spectators, that the anger depicted in his countenance and gesture, will break out in a premature chastisement, of the insolent Glenalvon. Throughout the whole of the dialogue, with this artful chief, his action, expression and emphasis, gave delight to an audience, which though small, was respectable.

The heroism of his deportment, often led his spectators to forget that he acted, particularly in the last scene, when under the agony of a mortal wound; supported by his own sword, and that of his conquered adversary, the struggles of an heroic heart against the approaching influence of dissolution, were so admirably expressed in his countenance and gesture; that independently of the dialogue, the interest of the spectators was kept up for many minutes. All seemed to sympathize with the sensations which oppressed him, and many tears dropped ere he fell.

I do not hesitate to pronounce Barret a very promising actor; and even at the present moment one of the most interesting: for though the immaturity of his powers, may in some respects, render him less competent than his seniors; there are few of these, whom he does not excel, in the natural qualifications of the actor: but we ought readily to

pardon deficiencies, which time will rectify; and should not be dissatisfied; if in the opening bud we do not find the fragrance, or beauty of the full blown rose.

ORIGINAL POETRY——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Grac'd by the Muse, with all her gifts divine,
Or pious led by Taste to Nature's shrine;
The soul to purer worship rais'd——refined,
Disdains the common idols of mankind;
Exults in joys to grosser minds unknown,
A wealth exhaustless, and a world her own.—SHEE.

EVENING AT OCCOQUON.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

Slow the solemn sun descends,
  Ev'ning's eye cōmes rolling on;
Glad the weary stranger bends
  To the Banks of Occoquon.

Lo!, the moon, with peerless light,
  In the stream beholds her face,
Shedding lustre o'er the night,
  As she runs her lofty race.

* Occoquon, within a few years, has become familiar to the traveller, from the circumstance of its having been made the stage route from Philadelphia to Richmond. Let the reader paint to his imagination a small river pursuing a serpentine course along mountains that rise abruptly from its bank; vessels taking on board flour under the foam of two large mills, and others deeply laden expanding their white sails to the breeze; let him group with these a tavern, and a dozen other houses erected upon rocks, with I know not how many waggons, and waggoners, a foot-traveller and his wife, emigrating back from Kentucky to Philadelphia, a Virginian gentleman on horse-back, followed by his African groom, half a dozen noisy children, just let loose from an old field school, and the schoolmaster taking the direct path that leads to the tavern, together with the passengers getting out of the stage, and the whole hamlet gaping at them, while the blacksmith's iron cools on the anvil; let the reader picture this scene in his mind's eye, and he will behold DAY, AT OCCOQUAN.

See! the bark along the shore,
Larger to the prospect grow,
While the sea-boy, bending o'er,
Chides the talking waves below.

Now the cricket on the hearth,
Chirping, tells his merry tale,
Now the owlet ventures forth,
Moping to the sighing gale.

Hanging o'er the mountain's brow,
Lo! the cattle herbage find;
While in slumber sweet below,
Peaceful rests the village hind.

Still the busy mill goes round,
And the miller plies his care;
Wearying echo with the sound,
Wafted by the balmy air.

Here no negro tills the ground,
Trembling, weeping, woful, wan;
Liberty is ever found
On the Banks of Occoquan!

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS AT SEA,

ON A MOONLIGHT EVENING.

'Tis sweet upon the vessel's side
To stand, and view th' unruffled tide;
Sadly to mark the silent scene,
In the evening's close serene.
To muse on one who, far away,
Perhaps, beholds this setting ray,
And, at the sight, may think, the while,
What welcome words, what cheerful smile,
Shall greet the youth, whose love-taught toil
Has driven him from his native soil.
Ah! how such thoughts can sooth his soûl
Who bends, a slave, to Love's control!
Heedless he hears old Ocean roar
And waste his fury on the shore:

Without dismay he boldly braves
The howling hurricane, and dashing waves.
  Gay Hope then gilds with brighest rays
The prospect of his future days.
Around his couch she darts her beams,
And bathes in bliss his shadowy dreams.
  In gloomy hours a silent tear
May mark the steps of Life's career,
To distant plains, when forc'd away,
He sadly chides the ling'ring day:
Yet Hope is kindly hovering nigh,
His soul to cheer, his tear to dry;
Soft she whispers future pleasures,
Tasting Cupid's richest treasures.
  FANCY, brings her witching aid,
And shows the absent beauteous maid;
He sees those soft successful arts,
Enchaining all beholders' hearts;
Her mirthful laugh, her winning smile;
Her love-fraught glance, and luring wile:
The same the lustre of that eye,
Where sportful Loves in ambush lie:
The lily fair, and perfumed rose,
That on her cheek alternate glows.
He hears her words bewitching all,
And soft the silver accents fall:
Soaring aloft, on Fancy's wing,
Afar he views Hope's joyful spring;
His soul is warm'd with Love's chaste fire;
His hand awakes the warbling lyre,
To paint to *one*, in glowing hues,
The inspirations of his Muse.
  The music strikes Leyrida's ear!
And shall she, not unpleased, hear
Its sounds? And to her distant friend,
Love's gratulations swiftly send?
Bid his mind repose in peace?
Bid distrust from murmurs cease?
Free his heart from sick'ning gloom,
And deck his cheek with joy's bright bloom?
  The sylphs whose wings around her fly,
And for her safety hover nigh,
Thrid through the ringlets of her hair,
Well-pleas'd to find their favour'd fair;

Knows nought of fear, nor coy disdain,
But has a heart for others' pain.
I hear, I hear their murm'ring noise,
Assure me of our future joys:
List, list, my girl! the list'ning breeze,
Wafts thy words o'er waving trees;
How sweet they steal upon my ear,
Like promises of bliss sincere!
Thus 'tis that Hope's delusive gleams,
Will cheat youth's gay romantic dreams;
Yet when we claim her proffer'd aid,
To win the long-sought promised maid;
Alas! we find she but beguiles,
Like woman's faithless, fleeting smiles!

April, 1806. SEDLEY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"UDITO HO CITEREA."

IMITATED.

"LOVE from his anixous mother flies:"
Thus spoke the Queen of smiles and joy,
"A rapturous kiss shall be the prize
"Of him who brings the wandering boy."

I know his haunts, his wanton wiles,
His voice I hear when Celia speaks;
I see him laugh when Celia smiles,
His blush reflects from Celia's cheeks.

The wanton rogue himself betrays,
I see him mesh'd in Celia's hair;
When on her liquid eye I gaze,
I see his baby image there.

Give me the kiss, thy boy I've brought;
Give me the soul-enrapturing prize,
From Celia, I the urchin caught,
And in my throbbing heart he lies.

C.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LAMENTATION

OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER OVER THE TOMB OF HER ONLY SON.*

O LOST! "for ever lost!" thy Mother's eyes
No more shall see thy Morn of Hope arise,
No more, for her its day resplendent shine,
But grief eternal rule, like wrath divine,
Blotting from earth's drear scene each mental ray,
That chased the phantom of Despair away.
When Fortune saw me all her gifts resign,
No murmur waken'd, for thy love was mine;
Poor is the boon that waits on Fortune's store,
Since the full-pamper'd heart still pines for more.
DISTRESS on thee, my son, her mildews shed,
To kill the laurel, blooming round thy head;
Chill'd by her wrongs, but not to these resign'd,
For warm as Summer glow'd thy active mind;
No syren Pleasure, potent to betray,
Ere lur'd thy lone, and studious hour away;
But Science on thy young attractions smil'd
For Genius gave thee birth, and call'd thee child;
The painter's art, the minstrel's touch sublime,
And many a charm of polish'd life were thine.
And thine the soul sublime; too ardent wrought;
The impetuous feeling, and the burst of thought.
POOR BOY! I thought thou o'er my urn would'st weep,
And grieving yield me to the tomb's cold sleep,

* CHARLES WARD APTHORP MORTON, expired the 28th of Febuary, 1809, aged 22, of a Dropsy of the Brain, a disease uncommon in adults; but always accompanied by premature, and extraordinary capacity. In him its fatal termination was accelerated by sedentary habits, and intense study, having at his early age, already made improvements in medical Electricity, for which he received a certificate from the President, and Professors of Harvard University; and was at the time of his death ardently engaged in a course of Observations, and Experiments, which indicated a mind of uncommon force, and great originality. He was eminently endowed with a taste for the Fine Arts, particularly painting and music, although for the two or three last years of his life, he had relinquished their cultivation, from an apprehension of their power of attracting his mind from the more honourable pursuits of science. His heart was ardent and sincere, abounding with passions, and affections, his integrity unblemished, and his death productive of inconsolable grief to his unfortunate parents.

Not in thy dawn of years, when Hope was gay,
Like Heaven's bright Arch of Promise melt away,
Seen like a sunbeam, in the Spring's chill hour,
And transient as the garden's earliest flow'r;
But dearer far than rays that morn illume,
And lov'lier thou than Nature's vernal bloom;
These, when the storm has past, again return,
But what shall wake thy deep, death-slumb'ring urn?
What but the voice of Heaven! that strain divine,
Which bids the heaving earth its trust resign:
Then thy bold Genius, and thy feelings mild,
No more to wrongs, and woes, shall bear my child!
But that warm heart to generous pity prone,
Where thy blest rays, celestial kindness, shone,
With the pure essence of that brain of fire,
Shall to a Seraph's fervid flame aspire:
And Angels with Archangels, pleas'd to find,
The rich expression of thy kindred mind;
Charming from memory's thought, its earthly pain,
Shall give thee to thy Mother's soul again.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On singing to the piano with a friend, the pathetic ballad of Mozart's "Vergiss me micht," a few days previous to quitting my native country.*

"FORGET me not," nor yet the song,
Its plaintive notes our tears beguiling,
The fatal words died on my tongue,
And as you touch'd the trembling keys along,
Through lucid gems I saw you sadly smiling.

"Forget me not," ah! song of wo!
For never more our joys uniting,
With Sorrow's sigh no more to glow;
No more shall Pity's tear together flow,
Our love, our hopes, our joys forever blighting.

"Forget me not," oh! ever dear,
Let thrilling mem'ry o'er my fancy stealing,
As next you sing "Forget me not," a tear
Shall gently fall, my beating heart to cheer;
I'll never thee forget while I have life and feeling.

JULIA FRANCESCA.

* The German of "Forget me not."

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SOPRA IL RITRATTO D'ANACREONTE.

DEL CAV. G. COLPANI.

Quanto, se guardi il crin, vecchio è costui!
Se i versi, chi è più giovane di lui?

IMITATED.

ON A PICTURE OF ANACREON.

In every feature of his face,
Appears the hoary sire:
But in his verse, such glow, such grace,
As suits Apollo's lyre. Q.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AD UN UOMO DEFORME.

DI RONCALLI.

Se ami te stesso, Aronte,
Fuggi lo stagno e il fonte:
Che, come il bel Narciso
Giá vi perì d'Amor,
Tu con quel brutto viso
Vi puoi morir d'orror.

ON A HIDEOUS UGLY FELLOW.

Dare not, Narcissus like, my friend,
O'er the limpid mirror bend;
Should you therein your visage spy,
Of horrors dire you'll surely die. Q.

—

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LA BELLA SCELTA.

DI PANANTI.

Mio padre vuol ch'io sposi un letterato;
Mia madre, un ricco che figura faccia:
Mio nonno un uom d'illustre sangue nato:
Ed io vo' per marito un che mi piaccia.

THE JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

My father desir'd, I would marry a sage,
My mother, a suitor with riches in store,
My grand dad, a man of great parentage;
But I'll none of the three. I'll wed him I adore. Q.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE——FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LAURA, A NEW NOVEL.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Although your first number contained a very spirited, correct, and flattering critique on the novel just published under the title of Laura, I cannot forbear to express the delight afforded me by its perusal. It is a simple tale, told with inimitable pathos; and cannot fail to elicit a tear from all whose hearts beat responsive to the sentiments of humanity.

The author declares it to be founded on fact, and the scenes she describes so closely resemble those which too frequently occur in real life, that her assertion is entitled to the most perfect credit. And this is one of the charms of the work. We are not called upon to yield our sympathy to imaginary distresses, but an attack is made directly upon the heart through the very passes which Nature herself has pointed out as the most exposed to an assailant.

There is no one situation in which Laura is placed into which we cannot perfectly enter. We feel every pang that rends her bosom, we sympathize in all her joys. Horace lays it down as a maxim—that

"Non Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus."

Our author follows a better rule, and avoids entangling her story, in such a tissue of circumstances as would require supernatural aid to unravel. Her style is simple, well adapted to narration, and on particular occasions highly energetic. It is pure and polished English, and cannot displease the ear of the most classical scholar. No bombastic epithets,, no "*sesquipedalia verba*" prolong a tedious page. No affectation of conciseness gives rise to obscurity. Had there been less of it the heart could not have indulged sufficiently in the luxury of feeling it excites. Had there been more, the inability of our nature to support, too long, any unusual excitement, would have lessened its effect. We glory in considering it the production of an American. It is as far superior to the crowd of novels daily issuing from the presses of Europe, teeming with the wildest absurdity, in the guise of romance, as the eagle-flights of the immortal Milton to the petty productions of a Bayes skimming like the swallow along the surface of the ground.

The description of the dreadful ravages of the yellow fever is admirably drawn. All the images of horror attendant on such a scene of universal desolation are well conceived and forcibly presented to the mind. If the reader will suffer his imagination to dwell on the description, his sensations will do justice to its force.

The situation of poor Laura after her supposed desertion by Belfield; and at his bed-side in the closing scene, is drawn in the most vivid colours, and must wring the drop of pity from the hardest heart.

The moral of the story is excellent. And throughout are dispersed a variety of pertinent reflections, so artfully disposed as not to detract in the least

from the interest of the recital. It affords an impressive lesson to the imprudent female; and speaks home to the heart of the libertine. Those whom fortune has placed above the reach of temptation it may teach to commiserate the fate of others. And to those whose situation in life does not exempt them from danger, it will point out the necessity of the most guarded caution, and the inevitable misery consequent upon one single step of an imprudent or vitious nature. ORIN.

MR. FOX.

The following character of Mr. Fox we copy from the *Bombay Courier* of the 17th January. It is ascribed to SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.

MR. FOX united, in a most remarkable degree, the seemingly repugnant characters of the mildest of men and the most vehement of orators. In private life he was gentle, modest, placable, kind, of simple manners, and so averse from parade and dogmatism, as to be not only unostentatious, but even somewhat inactive in conversation. His superiority was never felt but in the instruction which he imparted, or in the attention which his generous preference usually directed to the more obscure members of the company. The simplicity of his manners was far from excluding that perfect urbanity which flowed still more from the mildness of his nature, than from familiar intercourse with the most polished society of Europe. His conversation, when it was not repressed by modesty or indolence, was delightful. The pleasantry, perhaps, of no man of wit had so unlaboured an appearance. It seemed rather to escape from his mind than to be produced by it. He had lived on the most intimate terms with all his contemporaries distinguished by wit, politeness, or philosophy, or learning, or the talents of public life. In the course of thirty years he had known almost every man in Europe whose intercourse could strengthen, or enrich, or polish the mind. His own literature was various and elegant. In classical erudition, which by the custom of England, is more peculiarly called learning, he was inferior to few professed scholars. Like all men of genius, he delighted to take refuge in poetry, from the vulgarity and irritation of business. His own verses were easy and pleasing, and might have claimed no low place among those which the French call *Vers de societe*. The poetical character of his mind was displayed in his extraordinary partiality for the poetry of the two most poetical nations, or at least languages, of the West, those of the Greeks and the Italians. He disliked political conversation, and never willingly took any part in it. To

speak of him justly, as an orator, would require a long essay. Everywhere natural, he carried into public something of that simple and negligent exterior which belonged to him in private. When he began to speak, a common observer might have thought him awkward; and even a consummate judge could only have been struck with the exquisite justness of his ideas, and the transparent simplicity of his manners. But no sooner had he spoken for some time, than he was changed into another being. He forgot himself and every thing around him. He thought only of his subject. His genius warmed and kindled as he went on. He darted fire into his audience. Torrents of impetuous and irresistible eloquence swept along their feelings and *conviction*. He certainly possessed, above all moderns, that union of *reason*, *simplicity*, and *vehemence*, which formed the prince of orators. He was the most *Demosthenean* speaker since Demosthenes. "I knew him," says Mr. Burke, in a pamphlet written after their unhappy difference, "when he was nineteen; since which time he has risen, by slow degrees, to be the most brilliant and accomplished debater that the world ever saw." The quiet dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness and downrightness, and the thorough good nature which distinguished Mr. Fox, seem to render him no very unfit representative of that old English national character, which, if it ever changed, we should be sanguine indeed to expect to see succeeded by a better. The simplicity of his character inspired confidence, the ardour of his eloquence roused enthusiasm, and the gentleness of his manners invited friendship. "I admired," says Mr. Gibbon, "the powers of a superiour man as they are blended, in his attractive character, with all the softness and simplicity of a child: no human being was ever more free from any taint of malignity, vanity, or falsehood."—From these qualities of his public and private character, it probably arose, that no English statesman ever preserved, during so long a period of adverse fortune, so many affectionate friends, and so many zealous adherents. The union of ardour in public sentiment, with mildness in social manners, was, in Mr. Fox, an hereditary quality. The same fascinating power over the attachment of all who came within his sphere, is said to have belonged to his father; and those who know the survivors of another generation, will feel that this delightful quality is not yet extinct in the race.

Perhaps nothing can more strongly prove the deep impression made by this part of Mr. Fox's chracter, than the words of Mr. Burke, who, in January, 1797, six years after all intercourse between them had ceased, speaking to a person honoured with some degree of Mr. Fox's friendship, said, "*To be sure he is a man made to be loved!*" and

these emphatical words were uttered with a fervour of manner which left no doubt of their heart-felt sincerity.

These few hasty and honest sentences are sketched in a temper too sober and serious for intentional exaggeration, and with too pious an affection for the memory of Mr. Fox to profane it by intermixture with the factious brawls and wrangles of the day. His political conduct belongs to history. The measures which he supported or opposed may divide the opinion of posterity, as they have divided those of the present age. But he will most certainly command the unanimous reverence of future generations, by his pure sentiments towards the commonwealth, by his zeal for the civil and religious rights of all men, by his liberal principles, favourable to mild government, to the unfettered exercise of the human faculties, and the progressive civilization of mankind; by his ardent love for a country of which the well being and greatness were indeed inseparable from his own glory, and by his profound reverence for that free constitution, which he was universally admitted to understand better than any other man of his age, both in an exactly legal, and in a comprehensively philosophical sense.

DOCUMENTS.

In our first number we gave a biography of Commodore Truxtun. The following Documents should have accompanied it.

No. 1.

Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. Secretary of the Navy, to Commodore Truxtun, dated,

13th March, 1799.

"I received this day, with heart-felt pleasure, your despatches, containing, besides other papers, letters of the 4th, 10th, and 17th of February. The letters were immediately laid before the President, who desires me to communicate to you his high approbation of the whole of your able and judicious conduct in the West-Indies, and to present to you, and, through you, to the officers and crew of the Constellation, his thanks for the good conduct, exact discipline, and bravery displayed in the action with and capture of the French frigate Insurgente on the 9th of February. I must, however, add, that he observes, and all the officers of government, indeed all others I have heard speak on the subject, that this was nothing but what we expected from Truxtun."

No. 2.

Commodore Truxtun to the Secretary of the Navy, Dated 19th May, 1799, previous to paying off the Frigate Constellation. The men then being engaged for twelve Months only.

"The expedition on which I was sent being ended, and the time for which my crew were entered expired, as I have before mentioned, I beg leave to conclude with observing, that in all my acts and in all my actions, I have studiously endeavoured to keep steadily in view what I conceived to be the intention of government as nearly as circumstances would permit, and to govern those, whom I have had the honour and glory to command, with that mildness which is the characteristic of our invaluable constitution and laws; and I wish to hope, that there are none, who have been under my authority, possessing a spark of candour, or having the least reflection, who will not do me the justice to say, that their happiness and comfort, keeping always in view every point of duty and exact discipline, have not at all times been commensurate with the arduous task I have had to perform, in organizing a service amidst the great variety of incidents and scenes, new to a people engaged in the commencement of a military navy.

No. 3.

Address of the Officers and Company of the frigate Constellation, dated 4th February, 1800, presented by the undersigned Committee.

"To Commodore TRUXTUN.

"Sir,

The Officers of every description, the Seamen, Marines, and every other of the crew, belonging to the United States ship Constellation, cannot suppress their lively feelings at the kind tribute you have paid to their respective meritorious exertions.

They with one voice proclaim that under such a commander, whose example would have made *cowardice brave*, they must have been less than men, not to have acted by the same stimulus of valour which they exhibited in the late engagement with the French national ship of 54 guns.

They have with sincere regret, to lament the loss of some of their faithful comrades, who fell in the lap of victory. The circumstance of losing the prize is a secondary consideration, which could only devolve pecuniary advantage to the survivors. The glory and honour of the combat being diffu-

sed to the whole, in behalf of ourselves and the rest of the ship's company,

(Signed)

ANDREW STERETT, First Lieutenant.
BATA: CLINCH, Marine Officer
DANIEL ELDRIDGE, Master.
HENRY VAN DYKE, Midshipman.
JAMES MORGAN, Gunner.
P. N. DONALD, Carpenter.
M. LONG, Boatswain.
DAVID KEARNS, } Quarter-Masters who
JOHN M'FAYLE, } attended the wheel in the action.

No. 4.

Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. Secretary of the Navy, to Commodore Truxtun, dated

12*th March*, 1800.

" I am honoured with your letter of the 3d ult. inclosing an extract from your journal, relative to your glorious action with a French ship, of force greatly superior to your own, on the 2d ult. Both the letter and the extract have been laid before the President, who directs me to give you the strongest assurances of his high approbation of your own judicious and gallant conduct, and to request that you will present the officers and crew of the Constellation his thanks, for so nobly seconding your efforts to raise the character of their country, and to maintain the honour of its flag."

No. 5.

Inquiry by Congress.

In the House of Representatives of the United States.

Tuesday, March 18, 1800.

RESOLVED, That the Secretary of the Navy do lay before this House such information as he may be possessed of respecting the engagement which lately took place in the West-Indies between the Constellation and a French ship of war, and also upon the conduct of any officer or other person on board of said frigate, who may have particularly signalized themselves in the said action.

Extract from the Journal,

(Signed) J. W. CONDY, Clerk.

Letter of the Secretary of the Navy in obedience to the foregoing Resolution.

Navy Department, March 20, 1800.

In obedience to the order of the House of Representatives of the United States of the 18th instant, the Secretary of the Navy has the honour to lay before the House a copy of Captain Truxtun's letter of the 3d of February, together with a copy of the extract from his journal referred to in the said letter, detailing the particulars of the engagement between the frigate Constellation under his command, and a heavy French ship, mounting, as he supposed, 54 guns.

The Secretary has received a number of letters, too voluminous to trouble the House with, of dates both prior and subsequent to the action, which leaves no doubt on his mind that the French ship so gallantly defended against the bravery and superior skill of Captain Truxtun, is the same that arrived at Guadaloupe from France in the month of December last, called La Vengeance, mounting 50 guns or upwards.

In confirmation of this opinion, the secretary takes the liberty of stating the substance of a letter received from Captain Baker, of the Delaware sloop of war, from B. H. Phillips, Esq. American consul at Curracoa, and from D. M. Clarkson, Esq. navy agent at St. Kitts.

Capt. Baker, in a letter dated Curracoa, 8th February, mentions that a French ship called La Vengeance, of 54 guns, had left Guadaloupe on her return to France about the 1st of February, had a very severe action with the Constellation the following night, and arrived at Curracoa on the 6th, in a most shattered condition—that he understood she had lost one hundred and forty men in the action, and when she escaped from the Constellation, had eight feet water in the hold.

Mr. Phillips, in a letter dated Curracoa the 9th February, to the Secretary of State, announces the arrival there of the French ship La Vengeance, of 56 guns, bound from Guadaloupe to France, with a valuable cargo and a large sum of specie, in a very distressed situation, having lost 160 men killed and wounded, and her masts and rigging nearly all shot away, in an engagement of five hours within pistol-shot, with the Constellation.

Mr. Clarkson states, in a letter dated St. Kitts, 16th February, " we are certain Captain Truxtun's gallant action was fought with La Vengeance, a French man of war of 54 guns and 500 picked men, from Guadaloupe for France."

As to the conduct of any particnlar officer or other person on board the Constellation, the Secretary has no information except what is to be found in the communications from Captain Truxtun, by which, but still more by the result of this heroic action it appears, that all the officers and men on board the Constellation, must have nobly performed their duty. The praise of having pursued for many hours a ship known to be of force so greatly superior to his own, to bring her to action, and of conducting that action with so much

skill as to compensate for his great inferiority of force, belongs exclusively to the gallant commander.

It cannot be necessary for the Secretary to add to the eulogium bestowed by Captain Truxtun on the brave young midshipman James Jarvis, who gloriously preferred certain death to an abandonment of his post.

All which is respectfully submitted.

B. STODDERT, *Sec. of the Navy.*

No. 6.

Honourable Rufus King to Thomas Truxtun, Esq. dated London, 4th of February, 1801.

Dear Sir,

I HAVE the pleasure of sending you annexed copies of a letter, which I sometime ago received from the Master of Lloyd's, and my answer. The piece of plate referred to in this correspondence, will be delivered to the particular care of the master of the ship Two Friends, which will sail in a day or two for New-York.

As no one has been more persuaded of the importance of our little navy, nor more gratified by its conduct in every instance, in which its gallantry has had opportunity to show itself, I beg you to be assured, that no person could receive greater satisfaction than I do, in transmitting to you these suffrages in its favour, from a nation, familiar with naval talents, and capable of appreciating the merit it so highly applauds.

With great respect and esteem, I have the honour to be,

Dear Sir, your obedient and faithful servant,

(Signed) RUFUS KING.

N. B. The communication from the Merchants and Underwriters of Lloyd's, directed to him, they caused to be inscribed on the urn.

No. 7.

Honourable John Adams, late President of the United States, dated 30th November, 1802.

" Dear Sir,

The copy you have done me the honour to present to me of the Medal voted by Congress, and executed according to my direction to the Secretary of the Navy, I accept with great pleasure, not only from a personal regard to the giver, but I esteem every laurel conferred upon you for the glorious action of the first of February, 1800, as an honour done to our beloved country. From both of those motives, I have been highly gratified with the honour the gentlemen of Lloyd's Coffee House has done themselves in the handsome acknowledgment they have made of their obligation to you.

I regret that the artist had not completed the Medal in season, that I might have had the satisfaction of presenting it to an officer who had so greatly deserved it; and I lament still more that I had not the power of promoting merit to its just rank in the navy, that of an admiral. The council which Themistocles gave to Athens—Pompey to Rome—Cromwell to England—De Witt to Holland—and Colbert to France, I have always given, and shall continue to give to my countrymen—That as the great questions of commerce between nations and empires must be decided by a military marine, and war or peace are determined by sea, all reasonable encouragement should be given to a navy. The trident of Neptune is the sceptre of the world.

With sincere esteem and affection, I have the honour to be,
Sir, your friend and servant,

JOHN ADAMS."

Commodore Truxtun.

No. 8.

The following is an extract of a letter from Benjamin Stoddert, Esq. late Secretary of the Navy, to Thomas Truxtun, Esq. dated Bladensburgh, 13th September, 1808, accompanying the enclosed.

"I NOW send you a letter from R. T. Lownes, Esq. to me *on your subject;* he is my brother-in-law, and is a man well known in this State and elsewhere, to be of the highest respectability. You are at liberty to make any use of this letter you please."

(COPY.)

Bladensburgh, September 13, 1808.

Dear Sir,

THE gentleman who commanded the French ship L'Eole, which lay so long at Annapolis, was first lieutenant of the Vengeance, at the time she was attacked by the Constellation, commanded by Commodore Truxtun. This gentleman had on all occasions, the magnanimity to speak in the highest terms of praise of his brave enemy Truxtun; and declared that the Vengeance struck twice; [I think it was three times] but perceiving that the fire from the Constellation continued, and concluding that it was the determination of the enemy to sink them, they renewed the combat from necessity, until, fortunately for them, the Constellation's mast went overboard, of which they took advantage and got off. This generous Frenchman frequently declared he had never met with an enemy so gallant as Truxtun, nor one more expert. This tribute from an enemy may be grateful to Commodore Truxtun, at a time when some of his own countrymen appear to have forgotten his distin-

guished services; and as you are in correspondence with him, I wish you would communicate it to him.

Yours truly,

(Signed) R. T. LOWNES.

Benjamin Stoddert, Esq.

Extract from the answer of T. Truxtun to Benjamin Stoddert, Esq.

"Nothing was necessary to convince me that the French ship of war La Vengeance had struck to me, and was my prize, when the mainmast of the Constellation went over the side, and that she took advantage of the darkness of the night (the moon having gone down at about 1 A. M.) and made off, knowing I could not pursue her from my disabled situation, and the wreck being along side. In the morning at day-light (having bore up for Jamaica when cleared of the wreck, knowing I could not make, in our dismantled situation, a friendly port to windward) she was not to be seen, the weather being very hazy, I was of opinion that she had gone down; but her getting off under those circumstances was nothing uncommon. It was no more, nor indeed so much, as the escape of the Santa Anna, from Admiral Nelson's fleet off Trafalgar, after she had struck, and arriving safe at Cadiz: because Lord Nelson had look-out ships stationed to guard his prizes, whereas I was alone, and in a more than crippled state.

Among my official documents on this occasion which I had the honour to address to you as Secretary of the Navy under date third of February, 1800 (which documents I observe are printed in the British Naval Chronicle Vol. IV, pages 119 to 123) you will find in the circumstantial account, that I had no doubt but La Vengeance was my prize (as the captain of the French 74 L'Eole has declared) at the time my mainmast went over the side. The following are my own words officially given: "And thus as close and as sharp an action as ever was fought between two frigates, commenced and continued until within a few minutes of 1 A. M. when the enemy's fire was completely silenced, and he was again sheering off. It was at this moment that I considered him as my prize, and was trimming in the best manner I could my much-shattered sails, when I found the mainmast was totally unsupported by rigging, every shroud being shot away, and some of them in many places, so as to render stoppers useless, which, in fact, could not be applied with effect. I then gave orders for all the men to be sent up from the main gun deck, to endeavour to secure the mast, in order that we might get alongside of the enemy again as soon as possible.—But every effort was in vain, for it went over the side a few minutes after."

Lieutenant Robertson, now Captain Robertson, who directed several of the carronades on the quarter deck, and whose station being near my person in this engagement, will remember that at the time the fire of La Vengeance was silenced, we were close on her weather quarter, not half pistol-shot off, he observed to me in these words: "I cannot, sir, bring the carronades to bear." I replied to him, *Never mind, Robertson, she is all our own,*

we have nothing to do but get alongside of her. In a moment after we became a wreck, and she took advantage of it, after having yielded to our close and persevered attack of five hours, and after a previous chace of twelve hours.

Be good enough, Sir, to present my best acknowledgments to your friend Mr. Lownes, for his obliging communication, which he rightly judged was very acceptable to my feelings. And it is grateful to find a foreigner and an enemy able to appreciate, and candid enough to declare my services."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE gentleman with the signature of G. W. F. who has favoured us with a very ingenious speculation on the Nature and Use of Wine, is respectfully thanked for his salutary cautions against the abuses of that liquor. He will permit us, however, to remark, that his description of its various adulterations, is calculated for a foreign rather than a domestic meridian. The frauds of London vintners have been amply exhibited in the records of many a Court of Justice, and it is familiar to all that a great proportion of the favourite beverage of Englishmen is *manufactured* anywhere, rather than at *Oporto*. Our scientific correspondent, who writes like a man of various reading, will find in one of ADDISON's early papers, a most admirable specimen of wit and humour on this fruitful subject. Abroad, the Judge has punished, the Wit has laughed, and the Moralist has reasoned in vain; but, in justice to our own country, it is firmly believed that when men choose to drink wine, either for *their stomach's sake*, or their *often infirmities*, or as *the balm of hurt minds*, or as a solace, amid cares and grief, in no region is it found in greater purity and perfection. Among those, whose peculiar traffic is in this liquor, may be enumerated some of the most respectable citizens of Philadelphia; men, who would shrink from vending poison like Shakspeare's apothecary, or the *balderdash brewings* of a London vintner.

This number of The Port Folio is rich in the articles of Dramatic Criticism. We recommend these essays very strongly to the attention of the public.

Our Literary friends at New-York and Boston are very respectfully requested to be liberal in their communications. We shall furnish letter-boxes as soon as possible. Meanwhile Essays may be left with Inskeep & Bradford, at New-York; or with Oliver C. Greenleaf, at Boston; or addressed to the Editor, No. 4, South Third-street.

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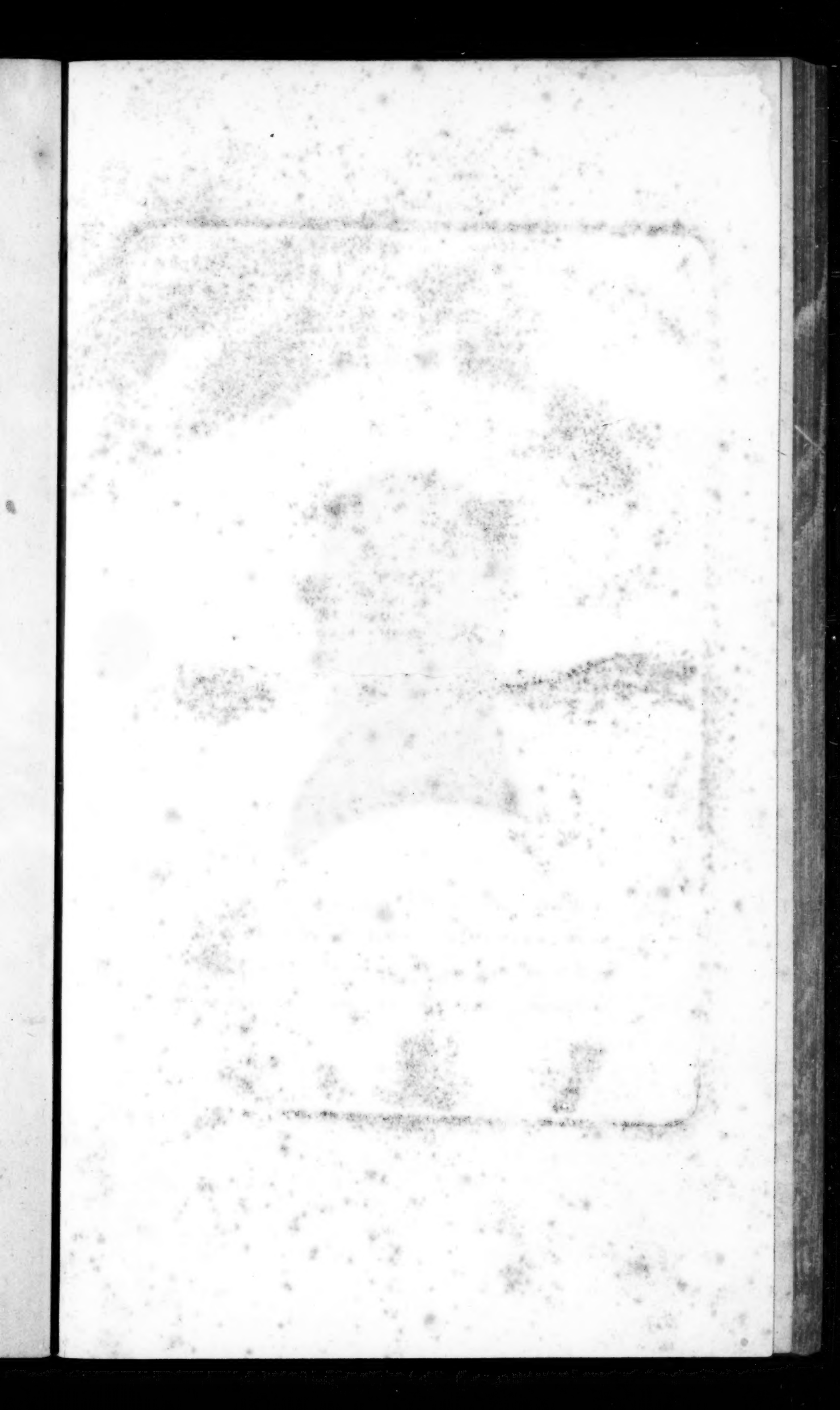

DUNCAN Mc. INTOSH.

Image de la Bienfaisance,
Son nom, Ses vertus, Ses bienfaits
Seront, dans le cœur des Français,
Gravés par la reconnaissance.